FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

by
ROY L.
SMITH

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WORKS BY

ROY L. SMITH

Pastor Simpson M. E. Church, Minneapolis

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And Other Essays

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Four-Wheel Brakes

And Other Essays

By

ROY L. SMITH, D.D.

Pastor, Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

Author of "Sentence Sermons," "Capturing Crowds," "The Young Christian and His Community," etc.

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To the Loyal People of
Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Preface

THE chapters offered herewith represent radio talks given by the author at various times over the Gold Medal Station (WCCO), of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Under the title of "Fireside Philosophy," these talks were announced each Saturday night. Thousands of listeners have asked for them, or for portions of them, in print, and the personal style has been retained in order to preserve, as far as possible, the style of the spoken address for the sake of these friends.

To Rev. Hanford L. Russell, of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, and to Mrs. Maude O'Connor, secretary of Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, the author desires to express appreciation for valuable help in the preparation of the manuscript for the printer.

A word of thanks is also tendered, herewith, to the Colwell Press, of Minneapolis, for the privilege of including in this collection the address entitled "Girls Will Be Boys," which it originally copyrighted and printed in pamphlet form. To *The Coaldealer* magazine and to *Omro* magazine thanks are due for the privilege of reprinting the chapters

entitled " Some Things to Forget " and " Rubber Dispositions," these having first appeared in those magazines.

To the thousands of radio friends in every corner of the nation who have so generously expressed appreciation for the spoken word, by letters and other tokens, thanks are hereby expressed.

R. L. S.

Simpson Methodist Church,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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I

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

OUR town is facing one of the most difficult problems that municipalities have to solve—the problem of safety on the public streets.

Someone has remarked, "We have just two classes of people—the quick and the dead. If you're not quick, you're dead."

Our judge of the traffic court declared, the other day, "Safety is not a matter of speed, but of control."

This is also a law of life. Progress is not a development of material resources, but a control of human impulses.

Study the progress of automobile building and you will discover that with every increase in horsepower and speed there has come a corresponding development of brake-control.

Today, in order to make driving safe on the streets of an American city, or even on a country highway, we have the last word in control—four-wheel brakes.

America must study the problem of "brake-control" as applied to her moral and social life.

The only man who was ever able to do as he pleased was Robinson Crusoe. He might shoot in any direction he pleased, build his house to suit his own pleasure, own anything in sight that he could use, go and come according to whim and live a life of absolute personal liberty.

As soon as Friday appeared, however, his liberties were cut in two.

There was at least one direction in which he might not shoot. There were some things he might not own, some privileges he might not enjoy. Friday had some rights that must be observed, every one of which limited Crusoe's personal liberty.

When Crusoe and Friday agreed to respect each other's rights, to limit their movements to those which would not jeopardize the other's movements, to control those impulses that might result in restricting the other's freedom, there was begun a government.

The foundation of that government was the willingness on the part of each to exercise self-control. To perfect that government it was necessary for each to make perfect that self-control.

The basis of every government in history is that same willingness on the part of each individual to exercise self-control. Without this willingness on the part of the governed, no form of government can succeed. No political theory can ever be substituted for it.

The fundamental problem of human government, therefore, is the simple problem of *self-government.*

As society develops and social relationships become more complicated, the more necessary becomes this control. Every new citizen that was added to Crusoe's world increased the limitations on Crusoe and Friday, and increased the necessity of self-control.

When all the people lived on farms, in houses widely separated from each other, the problems were comparatively simple. We might dispose of our garbage to suit ourselves, conduct ourselves within our own house according to our own standards, establish discipline, be clean or filthy, noisy or quiet, orderly or boisterous as we pleased.

When we moved into apartment buildings and multiple dwellings, the problem became vastly different. No family is at liberty to exercise its personal liberty at the expense of the personal liberties of the other families in the same building. Garbage disposal, moral conduct, domestic discipline and personal behaviour become matters of public concern. The individual must exercise self-control or he finds himself in a state of war with his neighbours. His neighbours, on the other hand, must exercise self-control or existence becomes intolerable for him.

The more complicated and intricate life becomes, the more important is the problem of self-control.

The more powerful the car, the stronger must be the brakes.

No motor manufacturer would think of putting a car on busy city streets equipped with a hundred horsepower motor and no brakes. Driver and pedestrians would be imperilled alike.

Yet we are thrusting youth out into the busy world, the most hectic rush and crush, the most bewildering social life, equipped with hundred horsepower passions, appetites, intellects and temptations and giving only a passing glance at their moral brakes.

I believe in liberty. I believe in self-realization and personal development. But I know that the sweetest joys of life come through the enjoyment of impulse understood and mastered.

No man can be free and be the slave of every insolent, headstrong, unmastered impulse and passion. Liberty and self-control are inseparable.

America is developing too many giant intellects equipped with pigmy consciences.

Loeb and Leopold had the intellectual ability to occupy positions of fine leadership in this brilliant, powerful, brainy century. But they were equipped with less than cave-man consciences. Therefore, because they lacked moral "brake-control," society was compelled, in order to protect itself and them, to forbid them the rights of the streets.

Any home, school or church which is not train-

ing youth in the science of self-government is preparing trouble for both youth and society.

Boys who have never learned to deny themselves, girls who have never learned to sacrifice personal desire, children who have never been taught to master their own impulses are not educated, though they hold the highest degrees from the best universities of the land.

Parents who interfere to save their children from the just deserts of their wilful misdoings are showing them no kindness.

No mother has ever shown love for her son by taking his hard knocks for him. She has exhibited a kindness that is only cruel in its effects.

The school is helpless in dealing with a boy who has never been taught self-control. Industry has no place for him. Business will never offer him anything but the left-over rewards. Society will look upon him with suspicion and courts and officers of the law will always be in his near neighbourhood.

Ben Lindsey, the Denver judge, says that no generation of youth has ever been forced to compete with an environment so full of dangers as today's, and no generation has ever faced its temptations with less training in self-government.

This is not the time to break down restraints, but the day to build them up.

If our mothers needed modesty as a safeguard in the simple days in which they grew up, our

daughters need four-wheel brakes to save them in these slippery days.

If honesty and self-control were necessary when father was building up his business, then his son needs four-wheel brakes in these days of trickery and smokeless sin.

Instead of strengthening our brakes we have been discarding them!

We have been pampering the sex-instinct. We have cast discretion to the winds and said "boys will be boys," forgetting that *boys will be men.*

Instead of caging the wild beasts of passion we have opened the gates and turned them loose.

Criminals have been tried by sentimentality. The vicious have been protected from the virtuous. Government is proceeding by prejudice and class hatred.

Let's try four-wheel brakes!

The fundamental cause of divorce is the unwillingness of headstrong folk to sacrifice personal convenience to marital responsibility. No man or woman can make a success of home-building who has not learned self-government. The only cure for the divorce evil will come before the granting of the marriage license.

We have tried all the social anæsthetics. We have enacted laws, conducted drives, developed educational fads and fancies, exploited nasty sex theories. Now, let's try self-government.

Put on the brakes!

It's the task of all of us—parents, preachers, teachers, public officials, purveyors of amusement, playwrights, bankers, editors, authors—of everyone who has the leadership of the land within his influence.

Our motors are stronger than our brakes. Nothing but the best of brakes will save us in these crowded, restless, excited, slippery times.

Examine your brakes!

Nothing less than the best will be good enough!

II

SPECIALIZING IN SECONDS

LIFE is overflowing with interest. Never before in the history of man have there been so many beautiful things to see, so many interesting things to do, nor so many wonderful things to know.

We are living in a world of super magic. The scientist in his laboratory is a wizard who fills each day with a thousand new thrills. By means of chemistry, electricity, psychology and biology we have evolved a world that surpasses in surprises the wildest imaginings of the old time teller of fairy tales.

The boy with the seven-league boots is left far behind by the boy with the flivver. Jack and his beanstalk are tame in comparison with the bird-men who skim through the ether at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour. The fairy with his magic wand is impotent when compared with the synthetic chemist who makes substances every day that nature does not duplicate. The Pied Piper never had so many children at his heels as gather around the radio every night to hear the bedtime stories. The dwarf with the magic sight

cannot see half so much as the doctor with the X-ray in the average hospital. By means of the telescope we know far more about the stars than the fairies did by travelling on moonbeams.

Electricity, gasoline, celluloid, wave-lengths and printing presses are the gnomes that have turned ours into a wonder world.

But life is far too short to permit of our joining all the lodges, learning all the latest dance steps, attending all the luncheons, memorizing all the song hits, reading all the best sellers, or investigating all the fads in religion or psychology.

" God created the heavens and the earth," but I make my own choices. Blessed is the man who has learned to distinguish between the pleasant and the profitable, the clamorous and the cultural, the noisy and the necessary. But woe unto him who is specializing in seconds!

The past has rendered some verdicts that even our brilliant generation cannot afford to ignore. There are a few things upon which no man has a right to an opinion, such as the plays of Shakespeare, the Newtonian law of gravitation, the social and moral ideals of Isaiah, the Copernican theory of the universe, the psalms of David, the idea of democracy or the theory of spectral analysis. The centuries have passed judgment and these are among the everlastings.

No matter what the psychological or the sociological laboratory may discover concerning the

working of the human mind, or the individuals within the social organization, there are some things that will never become *passé*. Truthfulness, virtue, dependability, honour, justice, initiative, originality, loyalty, fidelity, reverence—all these have the quality of everlastingness about them.

The Specialist in Seconds is the one who loses sight of the glory of the eternal in the brilliance of the temporary. He may be said to be suffering from moral myopia or spiritual astigmatism.

He must do a great deal of forgetting. The gramophones of the country are crammed full of records that will never be played again. The libraries contain thousands of yesterday's best sellers that will never be called for, or opened again. The infant mortality rate among song hits, sheet music, moving pictures and slang phrases is unbelievably high.

On the other hand, Emerson's essays will be fresh and new a thousand years from now. Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," the "Gloria" from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," Wagner's operas and Beethoven's sonatas will be stirring the souls of men for centuries to come. The Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes and the Ten Commandments will continue as the moral foundation of civilization as long as time shall last. These will not have to be forgotten.

The Specialist in Seconds *wastes time on worn-*

out ideas that masquerade in modern apparel. Even a cursory study of the past will reveal the fact that most of the so-called " modern theories " of sex, government, religion and capital are merely discarded experiments of other centuries which have been junked because they were found to be worthless.

No political theory will ever produce a perfect government. Only perfect citizens can do that. There is no short cut to the millennium. He who offers any scheme of government that promises justice without just people, peace without the spirit of goodwill, or opportunity without a tolerant citizenship is a dealer in political seconds.

Dr. Frank Crane says " the only solution of the sex problem is the love of one good man for one good woman." Throughout the centuries the human race has experimented with various theories—polygamy, polyandry, promiscuity and monogamy. The preachers and the priests are not responsible for the modern institution of marriage. It is the product of centuries of experience in which the race has found that the modern Christian home is the best producer of stable human character. Happiness and progress cannot come to any race or nation that does not build upon that foundation.

A woman once called upon the late Phillips Brooks to explain to him the principles of a new religion she had just brought back from Europe.

As the great preacher listened to her enthusiastic recital he seemed to be very much interested. As she paused for a moment to take breath, however, he said to her, " So you're just back from Europe with this new religion of yours, are you? "

" Yes, Doctor Brooks," she exclaimed, " and I have come to tell you all about it. If you will preach it your whole ministry will be transformed."

" You say this is a new religion? How did you get past the customs office with it," queried the preacher.

" Why, Doctor Brooks, you do not seem to understand. This is a new religion, and the customs office would have no interest in that," the woman explained.

" Oh, I see," said the minister. " *Your religion has no duties connected with it.*"

The world is full of religions that stress the subject of rights and ignore the subject of duties. But no religion has any power to redeem the world which does not speak firmly and unequivocally on the subject of duties and responsibilities.

The test of any religion is the life it produces. No matter how beautiful the theory, if it does not produce a beautiful life it is a " second." Bishop William F. McDowell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says, " Until some one has lived a more beautiful and winsome life than that lived by Jesus of Nazareth, we will have no need of a new religion."

The Specialist in Seconds *goes through life in intermediate gear.* Designed and equipped for great achievement, he spends his life amid an assortment of trifles.

A big contractor pointed out of the window of his office and said: "See that two-story building down there? There's a foundation under that building that was constructed to carry ten stories, but they have never built but two."

Everywhere you go you will find two-story men who have ten-story possibilities. Thomas A. Edison says that very few individuals ever use more than ten per cent. of their intellectual potentialities.

A young woman from one of the middle-west states was once the guest of a friend in the services of Central Church, Chicago, where the late Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus preached. Her host, knowing that this was the greatest opportunity of her life to hear a great preacher and a magnificent choir, was rejoicing for her in the opportunity of the morning. The preacher was at his best, and the choir sang as if it were inspired, and the host waited with the keenest anticipation for her word of appreciation when the service closed. Finally, in an effort to discover her impressions, he said, "Wasn't that the most wonderful service you were ever in?"

"Yes," the girl responded, "it was quite impressive. How many people were there present?"

"About thirty-five hundred," said her host in an off-hand way.

" Well, I guess I must have missed a good many. I only counted a little over twenty-nine hundred."

In the presence of the opportunity to hear America's greatest preacher and one of the greatest choirs of the city, this girl had spent her time *counting the people!* Specializing in seconds!

Listen to the small talk that goes on about you. Glance through the magazine racks. Watch the crowds that throng the streets in search of entertainment. Consider the multitudes who are specializing in seconds.

Yet firsts cost no more.

The average girl could become a master of the piano, of china painting, of literature, of singing, of home nursing, or of any one of a hundred other useful arts or accomplishments in less time than is necessary to become familiar with the personal histories of all the moving picture stars.

The average youth could become the best informed man of his community and the envied of all his associates if he would spend as much time on some science or profession as must be spent if one is to become familiar with all the horses on the tracks.

A little lad was wandering from case to case in the candy store, studying each assortment with the utmost gravity. His mother, tired of waiting, tried to hurry him, to which he replied, " But, Mamma, I've only got one penny, and I must spend it carefully."

The little lad had learned a bit of the deep philosophy of life. If he had had a pocketful of pennies he might have afforded to waste one. Having only one to spend made the problem of choices a serious one.

If we had ten lives to spend we might be pardoned for spending one of them on seconds, cast offs, experiments, guesses, jests, folly, pretense or prodigality. But having only one, we cannot afford to specialize in seconds.

" If you love life, then don't waste time, for time is the stuff that life is made of," is the quaint and friendly advice of " Poor Richard."

III

FLAT TIRES

I LEARNED a lesson from my flivver, the other day. Hurrying down one of the city's main streets, in great haste to keep an important engagement, I suddenly found myself bumping along over what seemed to be a rough road. Knowing the symptoms all too well, I pulled up to the curb, got out and found that I had a flat tire.

In all other respects the car was working perfectly, but a flat tire had stalled me by the side of the road.

My engagement must wait. Those with whom I was to confer lost their time, my plans were upset and inconvenienced and delay followed me all the hours of the day.

I know a lot of people who are bumping through life on flat tires.

Men of exceptional ability set out for some worthy objective are held up because some blow-out, puncture or slow leak results in a flat tire along the way.

Their education has been good, their training of the best, their experience all that one could ask, their ability to handle the situation entirely

above question, but they fail to arrive because of flat tires.

One man encounters a lot of trouble because of an unmastered temper. Just as he is about to get a promotion he gets into a fight with someone out in the shop and loses his chance. He has never learned to control his temper and keep his coat on. That man's temper is his flat tire.

He knows his temper is defeating him, but he calls it his disposition, and has never seriously set out to master it. He will always ride on rough roads.

Nothing is so expensive as an unmastered temper. It costs us friends, opportunity, advancements and peace of mind. There is no way of knowing when to expect a "blow up." Tragedy always lurks just around the corner from the man who has never learned to govern his own spirit.

It is always easy to start trouble if one has an inflamed temper. One's dignity becomes acutely sensitive to insults; one's rights are constantly being trampled upon. The raw deal is always wrapped up and ready to be handed us. Friends never seem reliable or trustworthy.

It does no good to blame our troubles on the roads. The smoothest highway will make rough going for the men with flat tires. The cynic is one who gets the jolts and lays the blame on the road without looking himself over for flat tires.

I know a family in which jealousy proved to be a flat tire.

The wife of the home was adored by her husband. Her charms and graces were well spoken of throughout the town, but always with a certain reservation. Like Naaman of the Old Testament, she had one fatal malady; she was jealous.

No other defect of character puts more jolts into the highway of life than the spirit of jealousy. The jealous person does not need facts. She makes suspicions a very satisfactory substitute.

No man is more deserving of sympathy than the one who is married to a jealous wife. No beauty is left untarnished, no music goes unspoiled, no laughter ever comes to full fruition in the presence of jealousy. The most beautiful home, luxurious furnishings, modern conveniences and exclusive neighbourhood cannot make a home happy if jealousy is an ever present guest.

Though I have the brilliance of a philosopher, the wisdom of a sage, or the wealth of a miser and have the spirit of jealousy, I am an unhappy man and the spirit of contentment will never dwell within me. Jealousy can rob the greatest victory of its sweetness, the highest pleasure of its satisfaction, the most abiding joy of its rewards. It transforms the most lovable into a shrew, the most generous into an ingrate and the kindest into a scold.

Verily, he that hath a jealous spirit will find no

smoothness in the highway, for jealousy is a flat tire.

A skilled workman in our town lost four good jobs in rather rapid succession and in bitterness of spirit he complained to me of his " bad luck."

Now, I know a skilled labourer does not lose four good jobs in rapid succession in prosperous times without a good reason. I began to look him over for flat tires. I found that he had learned his trade well, was an excellent mechanic and in perfect health. But he had not learned the one thing without which a skilled workman is a liability, not an asset—the virtue of loyalty.

A rush in the shop meant nothing to him; he was working by the day. A sudden emergency never found him offering to do a little more than he was paid for. He took all the favours and bonuses and accepted none of the risks or inconveniences. He sneered at other men who took a pride in their work for the sake of their honour as workmen. Every rule of the office was construed, by him, to be the disguise of some new form of exploitation.

He was never a partner in the work with any firm he ever worked for. He only held a job. Although his skill and training entitled him to be called the best workman in the plant, he was the first to be laid off in slack times, because he lacked that which no apprenticeship could give him—loyalty.

I know a preacher who lacks sincerity. His sermons are faultless in logic and exquisite in diction, but they have no force. He lacks that which, alone, gives vitality to a sermon, popularity to a book, charm to a picture or immortality to a poem —that divine quality of sincerity.

I know men with bad habits, women with sarcastic tongues, meddlesome folk, ungracious people, gossips, trouble makers. The theologians once called these weaknesses "besetting sins." The psychoanalyst, I understand, is now calling them "inhibited complexes." But, whatever the name, they remain that curable defect of our own character which makes life's going rough.

I passed a man on the road, the other day, and signalled to him that he had a flat tire. He stopped, made ready to repair it and thanked me for my interest. But, as I have gone through life I have found very few men who appreciate being told of their flat tires. They prefer that I should offer compliments on the beautiful polish of their car or the high mileage they get out of their gas—anything so long as no mention is made of their flat tires.

The man who points out flat tires is seldom popular. That is why we give them the ugly name of "reformer," "hypocrite," or "crank."

Very few friends have enough courage to tell us about our flat tires. They leave it to our enemies to do that.

Most of us will make more strenuous efforts to defend our flat tires than we will to repair them. But he who kindly points out to me my faults and offers to teach me a remedy has done me a greater service than he who shouts my praises from the housetops.

On the other hand, I have found people who go through life watching other people for flat tires. Their greatest disappointment comes when they find some man going through life, hitting on all six with four wheels in perfect order.

These are the people who enjoy poor health, who would be disappointed when the millennium comes, who rise every morning fearing lest the sun will be shining, who shun work lest it be pleasant, avoid friends lest they be cheerful and die reluctantly for fear they will go to Heaven.

The man who knows about his flat tires will never be ambushed by his weaknesses and secret faults. It is better to know about your defects of character and struggle manfully against them than to go on in blissful ignorance into shame and ignominy.

Look yourself over for flat tires occasionally.

I have watched big business concerns call in efficiency experts, from time to time, and pay them big money to go over their organization and inspect them for flat tires. I know a big business man who submits to a careful medical examination every three months. He pays his doctor to look for

flat tires. One of America's greatest preachers employs a teacher of public speech to sit in his audience from time to time, watching for defects of delivery, unpleasant mannerisms or other forensic flat tires.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to inspect ourselves occasionally to discover, if possible, whether or not our bumps originate in the road or in ourselves?

IV

IS THERE ANY SANTA CLAUS?

MY little five-year-old daughter climbed up into my lap, one evening, and said, "Papa, tell me truly, is there any Santa Claus?"

"Of course there is a Santa Claus," I replied.

"How do you know?" she persisted.

"Because I have been Santa Claus," was my answer. That settled it.

One of the rankest heresies in the world is this belief that there is no Santa Claus. I remember, all of my life, people who have been telling me that there is no Santa Claus. They insist that he does not exist because they have never seen him.

That is the argument of blind men. It is the grossest stupidity. You cannot prove the existence of Santa Claus by *seeing* him. You must prove it by *being* him.

These blind people say it in a good many ways.

Clarence Darrow will debate with anyone the proposition that life is not worth the living, and then go on refuting his own argument by voluntarily living.

Helen Keller says that life is worth the living in

spite of the triple handicap of deafness, blindness and dumbness. Although she could admit the pleasures of the world through but two gates—touch and smell—she has found life beautiful, thrilling, varied, wonderful and alluring.

Beethoven found life worth living in spite of total deafness at twenty-eight. Milton found life thrilling in spite of blindness. Robert Louis Stevenson found life sweet and wonderful to the end in spite of the fact that he lay dying, for years, with tuberculosis.

Life does not consist in the *town* in which you live, but the *state* of mind.

The man who complains that the world is "rotten" is simply confessing. He must include himself in his world.

I visited the offices of the Minneapolis Council of Social Agencies, the other day. I found there a busy crowd of stenographers, clerks, executives and secretaries dispensing the help that the people of the city have provided for those who "have not." You will never find a Council of Social Agencies in a land where there is no Santa Claus.

Our family has been receiving its Christmas greetings. On the back of every envelope there is the little "Anti-tuberculosis Christmas Seal." A greeting does not seem to be well sponsored if it does not carry this "trade-mark of helpfulness." But there are no Christmas seals in a land where there is no Santa Claus.

The newspapers are full, at Christmas time, of the Christmas plans of lodges, churches, charitable organizations and private individuals. Even the gaols serve a special Christmas dinner and the big-hearted men of business take the newsboys in and feed them. But all of this is bad form in a land where there is no Santa Claus.

The best evidence that there is a Santa Claus is my desire to put him into my world.

If I put a smile on my face and a song on my lips, I shall meet Santa Claus before very long, for someone else will see my smile and reflect it back to me. Someone else will hear my song and sing it over again for me.

The only Santa Claus worth while is the one that I create.

I know of people who would rather find evil in the world than good. They spend their time poking through the moral garbage cans of life. They get more pleasure out of finding fault in a saint than in finding good in a reprobate.

It is the people who are looking for evil—the cynics, the pessimists, the hope-evils—who never see Santa Claus. It is necessary to have the vision of a little child, the searching sight of love or the faith of the godly to see him. Only the pure in heart, the clean of mind, the unselfish of spirit, the wholesome souls see Santa Claus.

The man with the proud and haughty spirit, the woman with a heart full of suspicion for her friends

and hatred for her enemies will never discover the spirit of Santa Claus.

Do not let anyone tell you there is no Santa Claus. They are the kill-joys of earth. They are slandering your best friend. They are the ones who never hear the music in the laughter of little children. They are the ones who are afraid that good will prove to be true.

The spirit of Christmas is just as large as your own unselfishness, as limitless as your sympathy, as winsome as your own smile, as cheerful as your own song, as merry as your own heart.

Jesus of Nazareth, in whose name we celebrate Christmas, said all of this much better than any man can say it when He remarked, " The kingdom of heaven is within you." That was just another way of saying, " Of course there is a Santa Claus for every one who makes room in his heart for the good, the beautiful and the true."

Santa Claus is my best self in action, unhampered by my selfishness.

V

HOW MUCH IS YOUR MONEY COSTING YOU?

MONEY is a good thing. I fully appreciate it. I am doing all I can, honourably, to escape the blessings of poverty. The man who has money is able to buy many things that contribute to his happiness, but he is a wise man who has learned that he can never get enough money to enable him to buy contentment.

Emerson, one time, said, "The worst thing about money is that it costs too much."

Elbert Hubbard once said, "Something for nothing always has to be paid for." It is a fundamental principle of life that no man ever gets something for nothing, and this principle holds true of money. You can pay too much for your money just as you sometimes pay too much for other things.

He who goes after money must decide how much he can afford to pay for it. Herein do men show their judgment or lack of it.

Paul, the great Christian apostle, once made a statement that has been more universally misquoted than any other word about money: "*The love of money is the root of all evil.*" Notice that

he said nothing about money being evil, but the *love* of it.

He who gets his money at the cost of those things which money cannot buy has made a sorry bargain. Wealth does not consist in the things we own, but the things we are able to enjoy and appreciate.

Humanity's greatest teacher—He who was the world's most successful liver—declared most positively that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesses." And then He proceeded to prove His statement by living the most charming and winsome life that mankind has ever known, without owning even so much as a place to lay His head.

Consider how much *small* business is considered *big* business!

A man in our town lives in a world ten feet square. It is never more than five feet to the frontier. He is a broker. His office is his universe. He knows no other.

Twenty years ago this man was interested in music, knew something about art, could discuss literature intelligently and enjoyed a wide circle of friends. Then he began to make too much money. Since then he has spent everything he has for his fortune.

He has not had time to go to concerts with his wife. He lost his only son four years ago through preoccupation. The boy continues to stay at home

but he *lives* with his mother. Money has cost that man his home life, his wife's companionship, his church, his club, his lodge, his library, the fellowship of his business acquaintances—just about everything.

The worst enemy he ever had never stole as much from him nor did him as great an injury as his fortune has. He is the poorest rich man I ever knew.

Money has a bad effect on one's vision. Enterprises that would appear thoroughly disreputable if they were not profitable, take on the appearance of respectability because they increase profits and have the endorsement of mahogany magnates.

Life's richest valuables are often found among the intangibles. The loyalty of a friend for his friend, the love of a man for the flag, the "atmosphere" of a great picture, that unbuyable something in a poem which gives it immortality, love messages crooned to a babe at its mother's breast —these are the things that money cannot buy nor poverty dispel. No man is rich who has allowed money to suffocate these intangibles.

The chief defect of money is the fact that all the quality of eternity has been left out of it. But there is something as everlasting as God Himself in the noble aspirations of a strong man, the unselfish devotion of a good woman, the selflessness of a Red Cross nurse or the fortitude of the "picket frozen on duty."

There are the foundations of the world. Money is only a *buy-product.*

Money can give power, but it cannot give judgment in the exercise of that power. It can buy beautiful things, but it cannot give any capacity for the enjoyment of beauty.

The rich man can endow a college from which he cannot graduate; he can build a hospital, but he cannot heal a broken heart; he can publish a book, but he cannot get it read; he can build a house, but his money cannot make it a home.

The love of money can dry up the tenderest sentiments, break down the highest moral standards, stifle the noblest impulses, corrupt the holiest passions, deprave the purest faith and warp the fairest judgments.

It is not the amount of money that works the havoc, but the attitude we take toward it. A man does not need to be rich to be stingy, nor poor to be niggardly. He needs only to love money too much.

Let no man think he can live on his money!

Ask Benedict Arnold, who sold his country for British gold—for plenty of it, too—and died of a broken heart, alone in a London attic. Ask the rich father of a little child lying at the point of death in a great hospital how much his money is worth to him. Ask the man who has accumulated money at the sacrifice of conscience. These will tell you that money must be fought every day lest it get the mastery of life.

No man is running a business who is enslaved to it.

A business man was being urged to join a lunch club. He replied that he had no time. After his callers left he began to think the matter over and finally said to himself, "If I am so tied to this business that I can't take an hour off one noon a week to meet with a hundred other worth-while men, it is about time I was finding it out." He joined.

No money that one ever gets at the cost of honour, family, friends, happiness or conscience is ever worth what it costs. No profits that cost a man his peace of mind ever add to his fortune. No purse can ever be full enough of gold to compensate for a principle surrendered.

If any man is determined to be rich, let him sit down first and count the cost, to decide, if possible, whether or not he can afford it.

As a matter of fact, much money comes extremely high.

VI

THE HARDEST WORD IN THE LANGUAGE TO PRONOUNCE

FOREIGN folk coming to America declare that English is the most difficult of all languages to learn.

There is something about the vowel combinations, silent letters or final consonants that makes our speech very difficult to acquire unless one is born to it.

In fact, many of our own people experience considerable difficulty in perfecting their speech. "First Aids to Speakers" and "Fifty-seven Varieties of Mispronunciations" are among the best sellers almost every year.

It is not always the longest or the most complicated words that are hardest to pronounce. Many men will race through multi-syllabled words with perfect ease and then fall down on a simple little six-letter word like "please."

It is not always the spelling, but sometimes the meaning, of a word that makes it difficult to pronounce.

Take that word "please" as an example. It is one of the hardest for a little child to learn. In

fact, when a boy begins saying it at the right time and in the right place you think his education is pretty well advanced.

We are inclined to take so many things for granted. We take favours, considerations, courtesies and special favours as our natural rights and seem to feel that "please" is a sign of subserviency.

The word "please," well pronounced and accompanied by a smile, will get more service anywhere than a fat tip.

"Please" is a recognition of our neighbour's rights and personality. Much of the quarrelsomeness of the world could be cured by a more generous use of the word. It would go farther in reducing labour troubles than a Federal Board.

The time spent in learning to pronounce the word "please" at opportune times is one of the best investments that a young man or woman can make.

"Thank you" is a very difficult word to pronounce if one may judge by the occasions when it is not used.

It requires a certain gentility of spirit, a true nobility of soul, a fine appreciation of other's efforts to pronounce "thank you" with just the proper accent.

Like "please," the word "thank you" is usually learned later in life. It is then acquired only after

mothers have been humiliated many times and fathers have apologized for us to guests.

To pronounce " thank you " with simplicity and grace requires that one shall have cultivated that rarest of graces—gratitude—as a habit of life.

The man who thinks only of his rights as he goes through life seldom remembers to say " thanks." The man who believes that the world owes him a living never learns to say it.

Any man who has learned to pronounce it correctly is one who has learned the essentials of co-operation, the true spirit of religion and the essence of an education.

The selfish man never really pronounces it correctly. He may spell it, mumble it or imitate it, but never correctly pronounces it, for to say " thank you " means to give your friend your blessing for his gift.

I have found the word " goodbye " one of the hardest to pronounce.

The French have a saying, *au revoir,* which means " I'll see you again." This is an evasion of the word " goodbye." These gentle folk cannot quite bring themselves to speak the blunt, painful word " goodbye."

It is hard for a mother to say " goodbye " to the daughter who is leaving home to build her own heaven. It is hard to say " goodbye " to the lad who marches away in khaki, even if the cause is just. It is hard to say " goodbye " to your little

child as he starts off for school for the first time. Few of us ever say "goodbye" without a pain about the heart.

But the hardest word in the language to pronounce is also one of the shortest.

There is no other word that gives me as much trouble as the little word "NO."

It is very difficult for me to say "no" to my children. So many times they ask me for things that I could easily give them. It would be so much easier to say "yes" if wisdom did not insist that I say "no."

Then I must watch little eyes fill up with tears, lips quiver and dejection come down like some deadly damp. That makes me doubt Wisdom and listen to Indulgence.

But kindness is sometimes cruel and discipline is frequently discerning.

He has done his child nothing but disservice who takes from his shoulders those burdens which were developing his soul-strength; who has worked his arithmetic for him instead of showing him how to do it; who has shielded him from the knocks by which he was to be saved misfortune's blows through the long tomorrows.

It is not the mark of a good parent that he grants his child's every whim. Of course, it takes a lot of courage and determination, but there are times when the kindest parent must say "no."

That is the reason why "no" is such a hard

word to pronounce—all the forces of love, parental solicitude and instinct are arrayed against reason.

It is hard to say "no" to our flatterers. With oily tongues and honeyed words they come to us and seek with compliments to win our favours. So thoroughly do we enjoy hearing our own praises sung that we cannot say "no" lest the glorias shall cease.

It requires a discriminating mind and a nimble tongue to pronounce the word "no" with finality and distinctness in the midst of a tumult of flattery and cheap praise.

I have found it hard to say "no" to my friends. In the name of past favours, present needs and future hopes they come, asking for that which I cannot conscientiously give. It would be easier to say "yes" than to face the surprised expression, grieved looks and hear the injured tone by which I am gently rebuked. The friend who has given largely feels privileged to ask largely. What right have I to say "no"?

There is no more painful moment in any man's life than when his loyalty to honour and duty is arrayed against his loyalty to his friend.

There is a demand higher, even, than that of friendship. It is called duty. There is a claim on my loyalty above even that of friendship's favours, and it is called honour.

He is my best friend who says "no" to me regardless of the hurt it causes him and the anger

that I am apt to temporarily display and keeps faith, thereby, with his own conscience.

It is hard to say " no " to the lure of pleasure.

Sin has a way of arraying itself in gold and fine linen until the day of reckoning. Then sackcloth and ashes are worn privately.

The present good seems to speak so much more winsomely than the future best.

No girl is ever ready to come down from the country to the big city until she has learned to say " no " to tinsel and syncopation. No boy knows life until he can see the difference between immediate laughter and future humiliation.

The " Great White Way " seems to be crowded full of merry-makers and the path of virtue looks exceedingly straight and monotonous. It is hard to say " no " when one's heart is sick with monotony and one's back is tired.

It is hard to say " no " to the man who appeals to our prejudice, our hatreds, our cupidity, our jealousies, our ancient grudges, our ancestral feuds, our suspicions or our avarice.

No man has learned the first principle of self-government—self-mastery—who has not learned to say " no " to himself.

Self-denial is more than a religious exercise. It is the spiritual gymnasium in which soul strength is developed for the contests of life, upon the outcome of which all our happiness depends.

The man who cannot say " no " to his appetites,

passions, whims, fancies and notions has never moved from the fairyland of childhood into the kingdom of manhood. He is not a free moral agent. He is a slave to the temporary.

The ability to say "no" with intelligent discrimination is the mark of a man. It is the sign of spiritual maturity. It is the evidence of culture, the measure of refinement, the test of education and the beginning of progress.

If any man covets a man's work, let him set out to learn how to pronounce the hardest word in the language—the little word "NO."

VII

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

EVERYBODY is discussing the divorce evil. Almost everybody has a solution, but the remedies that promise most are the ones which begin *before* the wedding service.

The making of a home is the most difficult (and blessed!) business in the world. All the skill of an artist, the judgment of a sage, the patience of destiny, and the love of an angel are required for the task. A factory can be built out of bricks and mortar, but a home is built out of human hearts.

The marriage vow is more than a business contract. It is the most sacred promise that one human being ever gives to another. It means the giving of all the best a man has to a woman, who gives back all the best she has. If one is to give all his best for the rest of his life to just one person, he ought to choose that person with considerable care and know him or her pretty well.

Love is the most expensive thing in the world because it demands everything. Love that is not willing to give everything is not love, but some cheap counterfeit.

Looking into the face of an unpowdered girl over

a plate of plain breakfast is a lot different from looking into her deep, soulful eyes over a plate of chop suey under a soft light.

You can't choose the family you are born into, but you can choose the family you marry into, and "in-laws" have a lot to do with happiness. You can hardly build a house big enough for two families.

If any girl wants to know what kind of a husband a young man will make, let her watch the way he treats his mother when he thinks he isn't being watched. No young man will treat his wife any better than he treats his mother—not after the novelty wears off, at least.

Poverty is no handicap in the building of a home, but no girl is safe in marrying a young man with a lot of unpaid tailor's bills. A young fellow who can't keep out of debt while he is single will never be able to support a wife who does not insist upon handling the money.

It is better to buy the home first and the car afterward.

It is better to live in a single-room cottage that you own and sit on makeshift furniture that is paid for than to live in the finest furnished apartment in the city that you can't afford. Ride on the street-cars and save taxi fares; stay at home from the movies, if necessary; drop out of the old crowd if it insists upon going faster than you can afford—but own a few pieces of furniture.

A young couple came into the municipal court in Minneapolis, one morning, charged with disorderly conduct. The judge examined them and found they had been married three years, had no children, owned no furniture, lived in suit cases and were usually on the road from one job to another. Being a judge with much experience and human understanding, he sentenced them to a year in the workhouse, and then stayed the sentence providing they went to work and bought an outfit of furniture. "Nothing holds a young couple in the straight and narrow path like a baby and some household goods they can call their own," said he.

Don't eat too regularly out of paper sacks. A new home needs a lot of home cooking to keep it in the right spirit. Of course, home cooking must be served with consideration and paid for with compliments. If a young husband eats bridal biscuits for six months and trains himself to enjoy them he will be able to overlook almost any other fault.

Don't keep a lot of secrets from each other. Nothing ruins a home like the devil of suspicion. Frankness is a good matrimonial insurance policy. Be honest. Face the facts. Give each other a fair chance to explain. Then be ready to believe the explanation and forget it. Above everything else, avoid doing those things that arouse suspicion, for nothing is so hard to kill as a decent doubt.

Don't pick out a crowd of spenders for your closest friends. "Keep up or drop out" is the law

of the social mob, and more than one home has been shaken to pieces trying to maintain too fast a pace. It is better to stay at home in the evenings, alone and out of debt, than to be out every night and behind with the bills on the first of the month.

It is asking a good deal of a girl to expect her to make the home and earn half of the family income at the same time. Of course, it is sometimes necessary for the wife to supplement the husband's wages, but the making of a home is a task big enough to command all the ingenuity, strength and initiative of any woman. It is better to postpone the wedding a few months than to lay insecure foundations for the home. Marriage is more than a working partnership.

The Bible says, " By the sweat of thy *brow* shalt thou eat bread." Too many men seem to think it says, " By the sweat of thy *' frau.'* "

Nothing else holds a home together like a little family prayer. It is hard to start a quarrel after God's blessing has been prayed upon both *by* both. God must be greatly interested in our home life or He would not have trusted it with so much possibility of happiness.

A savings bank is a most important piece of furniture which should be included in every home. No matter how small the income, some part of it can be saved. Even so small a sum as twenty-five cents a week will spell the difference between success and failure when it is saved. The man who

is earning twenty dollars a week and spending only nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents is succeeding. The man who is earning twenty dollars and spending twenty dollars and ten cents every week is failing. Start a savings account. There are sure to be a good many rainy days on the sea of matrimony.

The marriage vow says "For better or for worse." Thank God for the better and be patient with the worse. Don't look for the faults. They will be apparent enough without hunting for them. Cultivate the fine art of forgetting.

VIII

GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

I HAVE become firmly convinced, of late, that I belong to the superior sex. In fact, there seems to be no doubt about it. The women themselves admit it—*by imitating us.*

Not long ago the prophets were saying, "The Coming Man is very apt to be a woman." But the New Woman seems to be trying her best to be a man.

Yet the strange thing to me is the fact that women, instead of beginning with our virtues, have started out by imitating our vices.

Dorothy Dix tells us, in the newspapers, that the average girl undertakes to be the kind of creature she thinks the men want her to be. But it all depends upon the kind of men the girl has in mind.

I have done a little fishing—not much—just enough to know that one kind of bait will catch one kind of fish and another kind of bait will catch another kind of fish. As a general rule, I can tell from the kind of bait the girl is using what kind of a poor fish she is angling for.

The facts are that a cigarette dangling from the

lips of a girl has never yet attracted any man worth attracting.

The secret of a woman's power has always been in her womanliness, not her masculinity. I know of a girl who is an expert boxer, but I do not know of any man who wants to marry a trained, sparring partner.

" The Lord made the women beautiful and foolish. Beautiful, so that the men would love them, and foolish so that they could love the men."

The modern girl who thinks she can best gain her rights by stepping down from high ideals of womanhood is simply mistaken. She will get some flattery, more ridicule behind her back, and sure disappointment.

The alarming thing about this gasoline, self-starting age is the fact that so many young women are ashamed of their best. They would rather be called good sports than good women.

Liberty does not consist in being allowed to be our worst, but the right to become our best.

We have complained against the double standard. I am opposed to it. But the only progress we have made in attaining a single standard has been the lowering of women's standards down toward that of the men.

We frequently hear girls complaining about the restrictions of conventions. But I do not know of many conventions that interfere with a girl becoming more womanly. I do know of some that have

been developed for the purpose of safeguarding her modesty, protecting her from insults and making her fight for chastity easier.

If the modern girl wishes to be free from conventionality she must accept the responsibility for the development of her womanliness without the old safeguards or her freedom has been a loss instead of a gain.

Chivalry and courtesy are the finest compliments that good men ever pay to good women. The woman who attracts this sort of attention from any man is the one who is most a woman. The lowest "gutter-bum" instinctively recognizes a womanly woman and summons all his remaining manhood to show her respect. The woman whose strongest appeal is her sex is certain to get the attentions of men who have no other interest in her.

Self-respect is the finest virtue that any person can cultivate. The world will never rate us any higher than we rate ourselves. The woman who esteems herself common will be accepted as such by the community. The girl who gives her high favours to every man is held in high favour by none of them. She who reserves her best for one man will be respected by all.

I overheard a young woman defending her drunkenness on the grounds that she was broad-minded on the subject.

I do not deny that any woman has the right to drink. But she also has the right to the rewards

of drinking. If she has any doubt as to what these rewards are let her go down to the municipal court tomorrow and see the crowd of drunks that come up. Look into the faces of those wrecks who have won their rights by long and patient years of drinking.

One does not need to be broad to be deep. The Washington Monument is narrow, but lofty.

I have the feeling that the modern girl is being swindled. She is trading modesty for recklessness, chastity for sophistication, freedom for danger, womanliness for daring and charm for cosmetics.

Perhaps I am a Puritan. But America owes more to the Puritans than to all the white lights, chicken shacks, cabarets and jazz bands in the world.

I suppose I am old-fashioned, but I am wondering what would have happened if Abraham Lincoln's mother had had an ambition to be a flapper, or if Theodore Roosevelt had started out to be a sheik?

Boys will be boys, but they will also be men.

It is pathetic when girls will be boys. They fail as girls and make themselves ridiculous as boys.

IX

THE " SMART SET "

FROM the society columns and from social gossip I have learned that we have a " Smart Set " in our town. There seems to be some difference of opinion, however, as to just who belongs.

Since every hostess is at liberty to include whom she pleases in her list of " also present," I assume that I have the right to list those who, according to my judgment, are entitled to be numbered with the " Smart Set."

Some of those who think they belong, I would leave out; the easy spenders who belong to fashionable clubs and have no business but golf and gossip; the social butterflies who spend more time on their faces than on their minds, whose nails are better polished than their conversation; the mental vacuums whose vocabulary extends no farther than the latest slang, whose chief concern in life is the mastery of the latest dance step.

Of course everyone has a right to make their own list of requirements for membership in the " Smart Set," but I want to list seven characteristics by which I think they can be identified.

They take the detours of life.

The detourists are those who go out of their way to keep out of trouble. They have discovered that a great many of our "rights" are not worth fighting for. We may have the right of way at a street intersection, but that does not save the wreck nor repair the damage if the other driver is a fool.

The only man who wins in an argument is the one who stays out. He does not lose his head, fill his soul with bitterness, get called a lot of hard names or jeopardize a friendship.

Detours are always shortest in the long run. An apology usually costs less than a lawsuit. The "second mile" is a short one if it leads to a better understanding between friends.

A little detour through a gymnasium will sometimes save the health of a hard-driven business man. Of course, it takes time, but not as much as a rest cure in some sanitarium.

The four years at college constitute a detour that pays in the long run. The headstrong youth is sure that success and opportunity lie just ahead of him and that schooling is a waste of time and money. But any boy who is worth twenty dollars a week without college will be worth twenty dollars a week *with* college, and *then some.*

Did you ever notice how many short cuts to wealth lead through miry roads? It is better to work honestly, earn moderately, save carefully, invest wisely and sleep peacefully than to try to

make a killing over-night on the ponies. Easy money usually costs too much.

The detourist will sacrifice his pride rather than his peace of mind, take an insult rather than start trouble and pay a bill twice, if necessary, to keep his credit good.

They forget their grievances.

Hatred and bitterness never made anyone happy. Look at the face of any man who is hating someone and see if you can find any trace of happiness in it. Hatred costs the hater far more than it does the hated.

No man can afford to load himself up with all the grudges and grievances that are offered him. They are all excess baggage. The time spent on our grudges, if spent on our friendships, would make us rich and happy.

No man does me much damage by saying mean things about me. I prove the truth of much of the thing he says when I stoop to revenge. I inflict the worse punishment on myself when I make room in my heart for the bitterness necessary to keep hatred alive.

No man can afford to stand still and mourn for the appreciation that does not come to him. Every happy man or woman in the world has a lot of uncollected praise on his books. The real "Smart Set" does not waste time grieving over a lack of appreciation.

They do not indulge in self-pity.

Self-pity is the anæsthetic which weak souls administer to anæmic ambitions and diseased consciences. The man who pities himself can hardly expect anyone else to do so—he does the work so well.

Self-pity consists of looking at your troubles through a magnifying glass and shutting your eyes to your blessings.

Self-pity multiplies your grievances, adds to your miseries, subtracts from your courage, decimates your efficiency and divides your mind.

Self-pity is a spiritual fever that burns in the blood of a weak man until his very soul is emaciated and dead. Blessed is the man who believes in himself.

Poverty, misfortune and debt have killed their thousands, but self-pity has killed its tens of thousands.

They like what they have.

Envy is a parasite which ruins the sweetest pleasures, spoils the happiest hours, turns to ashes the most entrancing beauty and brings tears in place of the brightest smile.

The "Smart Set" enjoy what they have, regardless of the fact that someone else has something better.

Happiness does not depend upon the things we have, but upon our capacity to enjoy them. It is not the amount of money we spend, but the enjoyment we buy that makes a good time. Some men

can buy more happiness for one dollar and a cheerful heart than other men can buy with a hundred dollars and the spirit of envy.

It is possible, even, to capitalize our misfortunes. A Kansas farmer was greatly annoyed by the winds that blew his fences down. He would build them up and the wind would blow them over. Then he outwitted the winds. He built a fence four feet thick and three feet high. When the wind blew that over it was a foot higher than before.

The "Smart Set" make stepping stones out of their stumbling blocks.

They live on twenty-four hours a day.

A sick man, hovering between life and death, found that he was so thankful to see each new day begin that he thanked God every morning for one more day to live. When he got well he liked the plan so much he made it a rule of life. He says that the plan of living one day at a time has made life a beautiful adventure for him.

The best way to insure tomorrow's happiness is to make a success of today. The gaunt hand of yesterday, reaching into today, seizes many a joyful hour as compensation for a neglected task of the past, and today will be yesterday tomorrow.

The "Smart Set" do today's work today, honestly and carefully, put their trust in God and wait until tomorrow to do tomorrow's worrying.

They insist upon being the masters of their own habits.

No man arrives at life's worth-while objectives who is not the absolute ruler over his own life. Self-mastery is the beginning of success. The man who cannot rule his own body is unfit to rule the minds of other men.

No member of the "Smart Set" contracts a habit which depletes his physical powers, nor handicaps his mind by cultivating expensive and enslaving appetites which must be fought with deadly desperation during the years when all his fighting strength is needed for his combat with life's ordinary difficulties.

Any habit that steals the time that belongs to our task, that interrupts us when we are trying to summon all our powers to a supreme effort, that weakens our resistance when we need every bit of courage to hold true, is a liability that no wise man gambles with.

The "Smart Set" do not stab themselves in the back.

They come to an understanding with the God of this universe.

Jesus of Nazareth knew more about the making of a successful life than any man who ever lived.

He was born in poverty, grew up among the common people, founded no political party, wrote no book, led no army, died a humiliating death and was buried in another man's grave.

Yet, today, beautiful women use the cross (the symbol of His death) as a token by which to en-

hance their own beauty. Men of every social class, racial group and scholastic accomplishment acknowledge His personal leadership and mastery. Governments determine their policies according to the principles of living which He announced. Surely such an one has a right to be heard and His words should have great weight.

Jesus of Nazareth declared that the God of this universe looked upon each of us as His children, that He eagerly coveted the personal companionship of every soul.

He assured us that we were living, not as guests in a hotel, but as members of a home in the Father's house.

The "Smart Set" accept their privileges in the home, conform to the rules and discipline of the home and, being assured that they are sons of God, attempt to live as if they were.

X

MALE HELP WANTED

THE best lecture on Success is to be found in the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily papers. Any youth who really wants to know what kind of man is in demand in this generation will find him pretty accurately described there.

We would call him a fool who built a factory for the manufacture of goods that he knew the community would not buy. What may we call that youth who spends his best years accumulating habits in which there is no advantage, tastes for which there is no demand and a character that has no market value?

The men who are advertising for help are not reformers, idealists, preachers nor theorists. They are hard-headed business people who want results and know what kind of man gets them. They are not trying to change the moral order of the universe. They are following, perhaps unconsciously, certain well defined laws of character and business which cannot be permanently disregarded with any hope of success.

What kind of help is the business world looking

for? Read the "Help Wanted" columns and you will be surprised to discover the frequency with which certain phrases appear. They are worth studying.

"*Only men who can deliver the goods need apply.*" There is very little demand for the youth who has only learned to "get by." The big salaries are paid to those who can do their work so well that they do not need overseeing.

"MAKE GOOD
OR
MAKE ROOM"

is the cold-blooded, but practical, motto on the wall of a certain very successful business executive who employs hundreds of people every year.

Promises can land a position. Performance equal to the promises is alone able to hold the position.

"*Earnings in direct proportion to ability.*" This is a fundamental rule of life. No man gains anything by getting money he has not earned. The most pitiable youth in the world is the lad who knows only one side of the dollar—the spending side. He is having only half the fun, for there is just as much more fun on the earning side.

The reason big business pays big salaries is because some men earn them. A thousand men working together under the direction of a competent leader will accomplish five times a much as the same number working without a leader. Any

man who can direct the work of a thousand men makes the labour of each five times more valuable. The cheapest employee of any corporation is its highest priced executive. He makes the work of every other man worth more.

And he is entitled to his larger salary. James J. Hill accumulated a fortune of many millions by developing the Great Northern railroad system. But he made the public a thousand times richer than himself. Every farmer, homesteader, cattle raiser and sheep herder along the line of his railroad is worth many times as much as he would have been if Hill had not dreamed the Great Northern.

Every rich man who has earned his fortune has made a hundred times more money for the public than he has made for himself.

"*Men with ability wanted.*" Not men with a pull, a suit-case full of recommendations, influential friends, bell-bottom trousers, the latest dance steps, family trees, beautiful baritone voices, a fine record at first base, expensive or sporty habits, a perfect vocabulary of the latest slang or profanity, nor a thorough knowledge of all the movie stars and staresses, race horses and pugilists—but men who can go ahead without waiting for orders.

Charles Steinmetz could not speak a word of English, owned not a dollar, held no college degrees, knew no living soul in America and arrived

in New York harbour via the steerage of an ocean liner. Within three months he had written a technical article on the subject of electricity which was published in *The Electrical World*. Three years afterward he read a paper before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in which he announced the discovery of the law of "hysteresis," one of the most important discoveries in connection with the manufacture of electric motors in the last fifty years. Ten years afterward (1902) he was elected president of the Society of American Engineers. He had ability—and needed very little more.

"*Must be willing to work.*" The old theologians taught us that God drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden and compelled them to work as a punishment for their sins.

No worse blasphemy against the good name of the Almighty could be uttered. God gave man work as a compensation for the loss of Eden.

The image of God which is in man is his power to create—to build with his hands, to make with his mind. The loafer and the idler are denying their divinity.

Thomas A. Edison performed more than ten thousand experiments before he found the right kind of wax out of which to manufacture phonograph records. Charles Goodyear performed thousands of experiments during the eleven years he was searching for the secret of vulcanized rub-

ber. Madam Curie sorted through tons of waste material, grain by grain, to find the first bit of radium.

There can be no hope of success that is not soluble in a willingness to work.

"*Must Have Pleasing Personality.*" By this is meant that he must be able to smile in the face of defeat, reply courteously when treated brusquely, offer his opinions with conviction and kindliness, take his promises as seriously as other men take them, be willing to sacrifice a game of golf for a signed order, keep his speech as clean as his finger nails, study his "prospect" as carefully as he does the score board, forget his grievances and remember his responsibilities, covet a reputation for dependability, carry no excess egotism or humility, appreciate the value of another man's time and be able to close a conversation when it is finished.

"*Must be of Good Character.*" There can be no substitute or "just as good" here. Character is what you are when you are not being watched. It is God's opinion of you. The opportunities open to the man without character are becoming daily more scarce and less desirable.

Brilliancy and brains are given to a comparative few, but any man may cultivate honour and integrity. Genius and cleverness are the heritage of the favoured few, but industry and loyalty are within the reach of every man. Talent is the gift

of God, but character is the product of our own purpose. In the long run, good character is more profitable than clever cunning.

"*Married Men Preferred.*" One who has a home and loves it better than any spot on earth; one who is capable of a great sacrificial love; one who has the counsel and inspiration of a good woman; one who works every day with a sense of responsibility resting upon him; one who has a child's education to plan for and a baby's laughter to greet him and chubby arms to keep him home at nights; one who bought a home first and an automobile afterward; one who owns property (the best insurance in the world against radicalism); one who acts as priest, teacher and king in the empire of his home: Verily, of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"*Must be able to furnish references.*" The honest man has nothing to fear from an investigation; trembles not when an old neighbour comes to town; meets his former employer on the street and shakes hands with him; is willing to trust his case in the hands of those who know him best. Pity the man who can carry the state and lose in his own home precinct!

"*Must have faith in his own ability.*" Every great success in the world has been an egotist—but he has not always paraded his egotism. He has had ideas and believed in them; convictions, and been willing to back them up to the extreme

limit of his ability. If a man does not believe he can do the work, he has no right to take the job.

Read the "Help Wanted" columns—they are an education:

"Advancement as fast as you qualify."
"The job is no snap, but work will make it profitable."
"Only steady men of good appearance need apply."
"Must have high school education."
"College man preferred."
"Must be able to do team work."
"Must be able to earn $25,000 per year."

These are the men that big business is looking for and willing to pay for. Can you qualify?

XI

THE HARDEST THING IN THE WORLD TO BE

THE hardest thing in the world to be is *different*. There is no tyranny on earth so brutal and inhuman as the law of the social mob.

Women will freeze, smother, starve, shiver, diet, slouch, endure headaches, eye-strain, stomach trouble, or suffer inconvenience, discomfort, humiliation, mortification or deprivation before they will forsake the goddess of fashion.

Men, ever ready to ridicule the women, will wear hot linen collars during dog-days, wear a dress suit at a dinner party, pin a dinky little flower in their coat lapel, raise and lower their vest with every fluctuation of the social thermometer, discard their straw hats on a certain day in September and variously proclaim their absolute subjection to the judgment of the mob.

It is hard to prevent the public from doing our thinking for us, making our decisions for us, spending our money for us or picking our clothes for us.

We dress to be like everybody else, not to be comfortable. We read the book everybody is reading, whether it is worth reading or not. We

sing the song everybody else is singing, even if it is atrocious music and literal drivel. We applaud the actress that everyone else applauds, regardless of merit.

What "everybody" says and "everybody" does is the highest law of the land.

Conformity leaves no room for originality, and there is no rule so vicious as the law of the fatal average.

This world will never be redeemed by those who are as good as the rest, but by those who are better than the rest—by those who are not afraid to be different.

The world is full of followers. Someone is going to win immortality by daring to be different. The leaders have always been "different."

It takes more courage to be different than the average man has. We are afraid of what "they" will say. We are afraid of isolation—in terror of being different.

It is not easy to be different. The world is heartless in its treatment of the different people. It has called them visionaries, madmen and hypocrites.

But, as Anatole France once said, "The world has always been saved by madmen."

The boyhood friends of Abraham Lincoln could never understand why he seemed so interested in books. He was so different from the rest of the youngsters around Gentry, Indiana, and New Salem, Illinois.

The people of Dayton, Ohio, thought the Wright brothers and their sister were crazy because they insisted upon trying to fly, and the newspapers of the city never mentioned them until after they had been flying over a pasture out in the suburbs for several weeks.

Samuel F. B. Morse was called a lunatic hundreds of times before he succeeded in getting Congress to aid him in establishing his telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was considered a harmless madman with a useless toy when he exhibited the first telephone at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876.

The wife of Charles Goodyear was the only one who believed in him during those eleven tragic years that he was hunting for the secret of vulcanizing rubber.

The only reason they were considered crazy was because they were different from others. Their neighbours and friends believed that it could not be done while the geniuses insisted upon believing that it could be done.

The world's emancipators have all endured persecution for the crime of being different. We first crucify, burn, administer the hemlock, exile or ostracize our great souls, then canonize, immortalize, idealize and worship them.

No great invention that has lifted the load off of human shoulders has even been cheaply bought.

The inventors have starved, suffered ridicule, poverty and hardship.

There was no more unpopular group of men in all the world, in 1789, than the little company of hard-working patriots who struggled for months in Philadelphia to bring the Constitution of the United States to its completed form. They were vilified, suspicioned, accused, maligned, misrepresented, cursed, threatened and denounced.

Being different requires more brains than conformity does. That is the reason for the heretics of one generation becoming the saints of the next. They have been thinking just one generation ahead of the crowd. And thinking ahead of the mob is dangerous business. It takes the world about a generation to catch up with its leaders.

Being different requires more courage than conformity. Have you ever tried thinking new thoughts and defending them against the ridicule, sarcasm, prejudice and ignorance of your complacent friends?

Have you ever tried wearing a comfortable business suit to a dinner party when the rest appeared in full dress? Have you ever carried a walking stick for the sake of its companionship, and overheard the snickers of your friends, who thought you were putting on airs? Have you ever tried to stand for some moral standard or ideal that was sacred to you, while the crowd was laughing at conventions and defying one another to excel in excess?

It takes the stuff that heroes are made of to stand against the jeers of the crowd.

One must have some kinship with the martyrs if he sets out to defy the opinions of the crowd.

It takes a lot of courage for the seventeen-year-old boy to start home at twelve o'clock when the rest of the crowd proposes to stay until two in the morning.

It takes a lot of courage for any girl to keep herself clean when the rest of the girls in the office are repudiating their womanhood, blowing clouds of cigarette smoke through their nostrils, assuming a brave manner and talking loudly and vulgarly.

But it is a heroism that rewards its followers well.

All the rich girls of Chicago thought Jane Addams was crazy when she turned her back on society and frivolity and went down to live at Hull House. No one was doing it then. But today Jane Addams enjoys the reputation of being one of America's foremost women, and her opinion on social questions is eagerly sought after, both in Europe and America. She found her life by losing it. She dared to be different.

Every great employer of labour in America thought that Henry Ford had gone crazy when he announced a minimum wage of six dollars a day for all his help. They spent many days of valuable time proving that it was economic suicide. After fifteen years, however, Mr. Ford is the only

one of them all who carries a bank balance of four hundred millions of dollars as ready cash with which to do business.

The diplomats of the world laughed at Woodrow Wilson when he declared that secret diplomacy must go. Why! Secret diplomacy had always been! It could not be different! Then came the Washington Arms Conference, and Secretary Hughes put the principle to an actual test and the world moved forward half a century in half an hour.

Thousands of American communities are waiting for some strong-willed, heroic, clear-visioned individual who is not afraid to be different, who can lead the people out of complacency and mediocrity into life.

XII

SOME THINGS TO FORGET

NEW YEAR'S DAY seems to be the time to make new resolutions, and certainly I am not going to be the one who laughs at the custom.

I have never been able to see anything funny in a broken resolution. Every one of them represents a tragedy—a weak will, an overmastering temptation, a faded dream, a discouraged soul, a defeated ambition.

But if you want to make any new year a success, I would like to suggest that you cultivate the fine art of *forgetting*.

It is as much a mark of strength to be able to forget with discrimination as to be able to remember with accuracy.

The twelve months just past have seen the accumulation of a lot of mental junk and spiritual débris that is not worth moving over into the new year. The best we can do with it is to forget it.

Allow me to suggest a few things that can be profitably forgotten if we are to enjoy the new year.

First of all, let us forget our grudges.

A grudge is the heaviest load that any human

soul ever carries. It never stops growing so long as you carry it. One can lug a grudge so long that it saps all strength, leaving nothing with which to enjoy life.

I have never known contentment to make its abode in a heart that harboured a grudge.

A grudge is the rotten fruit of a grievance, fancied or real, drawing out of the sordid soil of resentment the dangerous elements of false pride, misunderstanding and stubbornness. Yet we allow such a devil's poison to ruin friendships that have been a lifetime in growing.

A grudge can only grow in a lean soul. The generous spirit offers scant welcome to so foul a thing.

Over yonder in the new year there are adventures in friendships, rewarding labours, spiritual opportunities and glorious days for the man who meets them with a soul free of hatred and suspicions.

Think what would happen if the people in this world would only be willing to spend the last week of December at the joyful business of forgetting. I believe Heaven would move a multitude of miles nearer this old world in one week.

Racial hatreds would receive their body blows. Peace would dawn upon the nations, the soldiers would go home to their families and the vast treasure spent on military preparations could be diverted to benevolent education.

Let us, next, forget a few of our rights!

Most men get into the most of their trouble defending their rights, and these rights, usually, consist of their own false pride.

I believe that the best way to get my rights is to deserve them. The man who keeps his rights in the foreground of his mind, who is continually examining them to see if they have been trampled upon, who wraps them in flannels and keeps them in steam-heated apartments is pretty apt to have them injured when they come in contact with the ordinary rush and crush of a working world.

But the worst thing about our rights is the fact that they blind us to our duty.

The man who is promoted oftenest, who gets the biggest pay envelope and stands highest with the "office" is the man who is not seriously affected by his rights, but is ruled by his responsibilities.

It will also pay us well to forget some of our successes.

Someone well expressed a great truth when he said, "Every great achievement is but a camping ground whereat we stop for a moment to refresh ourselves for the next journey ahead."

The egotist is the man who has succeeded at something sometime and then stopped to admire his success.

A success that lures us from our highest ideal and our greatest effort is a curse. Blessed is the man who knows the joys of desperate endeavour,

of straining all his spiritual strength to the utmost in the accomplishment of a worthy object.

Forgetting our successes will save us from the sin of self-satisfaction, the most insidious foe of progress.

The man who forgets his past successes lives with his face toward the rising sun. His birthdays never accumulate. His mind remains open to new ideas. His faith never fails.

It is just as important that we forget our defeats.

Every remembered defeat breeds fear, and fear is the soul's worst enemy. It is the fear of repeating a failure that deters most men from attempting their best. It is the fear of ridicule that terrorizes many a soul who would, otherwise, be of rare usefulness and power.

Some men exult more in their defeats than in their successes. If you urge them to high and holy effort they bring out their past defeats as alibis. I have known men who went to more trouble to justify their failures than they did to devise their success.

Cyrus W. Field failed repeatedly before he succeeded in laying the first oceanic cable. It is no sign of weakness to fail. All of the world's worthies have failed oftener than they succeeded. Thomas A. Edison has invented hundreds of devices that have never had any commercial value.

Professors of psycho-analysis tell us that the most of men's troubles arise from the fact that they

save their fears. Back in the reservoir of their minds they harbour recollections of their defeats. The memory of past failures acts as a poison gas to stifle and kill all noble resolve and mighty effort. They submit themselves to the tyranny of their past.

Remember that your life is beginning again at the new year. Forget your failures. Dismiss them. Disinherit them. Give them no lodging or comfort. They have nothing but sinister designs upon your happiness. Forget them!

The new year will be a good time to forget your stomach, or, if you are a woman, to forget your nerves.

A philosopher, with a physician's mind, once said, " Perfect health is that state of mind in which one forgets that he has a body."

Most of us have more sickness in our mind than we have in our body. Quit humouring your stomach. Give it intelligent co-operation, regular and reasonable tasks and then allow it to do its own work in its own way without too frequent inspection.

The healthiest woman in the world can be a wreck in six months if she thinks exclusively about her nerves. Nerves, like children, are easily spoiled by too much attention.

Don't lug a lot of pet aches and pill-boxes over into the new year. If you are suffering from an irritable body, give it some friendly discipline, in-

sist upon a faithful performance of reasonable duties and then go on your way and forget about it. Half of our nervousness is developed through self-pity.

The new year would be a good time to forget our worries.

Consider all the accomplishments of worry since the day that Noah called his family into the ark, add up all the benefits it has conferred on the world, estimate all the centuries that have been spent in anxious wretchedness and you will find that the contribution that worry has made to the world's good amounts to exactly nothing. And you can't expect your worry to do any more, for the world's expert worriers have worked at the task and failed.

Forget your worries! They are Satan's bait of false ambition even at their very best.

If you would be happy, forget your doubts.

God is still in His heaven.

Truth is as solidly entrenched as it ever was in all the history of the universe.

If science discovers something new, don't worry. God created it before any scientist discovered it, and planned it in His ordering of helpful things. All that remains for us to do is to find how to use it rightly.

Goodness is still the sweetest force in the world. The meek persist, while the powerful perish. Service is winning where might is toppling. Un-

selfishness is sometimes martyred, but never conquered. Virtue may be crucified, but the resurrection day is never far away.

The telescope reveals universes over our heads and teaches us the significance of man; but the microscope shows us universes under our feet and teaches us the divinity of man.

When you have added virtue to effort, high purpose to training of mind and body, honest convictions to private responsibility, then with all thy adding, add thereunto the fine art of forgetting and the *new year will be a twelvemonth of happy triumphing!*

XIII

OUT OF GAS

"OF all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—'*out of gas!*'"

Were you ever stalled alongside the road, four miles from your destination, with an important conference almost ready to convene? Your motor is all right, tires are all inflated—everything O. K., but—you're *out of gas!*

It does no good to rave. You should have looked in your gas-tank before you started.

That is a common fault with many folk. They start big enterprises without making the necessary careful preparations. They get half way through to victory and run out of something—the thing that would mean success.

A statistician asserted, the other day, that nine out of ten business enterprises begun in the United States, during the last ten years, have failed. They started out well. Their window displays and lithographed stationery all looked like prosperity. But they ran out of that which represents "gas." The commercial highway is littered with the wrecks.

Young couples stand before the marriage altar

and vow undying loyalty and love for each other. Two years later some of them are happy, contented and in love with life and each other. Others are filling the divorce courts asking for release from their vows. The fine affection and the sweet and tender avowals of constancy are all run out. Something happened. They're " out of the gas "—of loving consideration.

A hundred boys start into high school. Fifty of them graduate. The rest run " out of the gas "—of patient perseverance.

The world is full of good beginners who are poor finishers.

Genius does not consist in an ability to do a lot of things passably well, but doing one or two things in an unbeatable way.

The world is full of " subjunctive heroes."—Men and women who ought, could, would or should amount to something—but do not.

A football coach knows that the most dangerous place on the field for either team is the two-yard line. It is there that the winners get over-confident and the losers give up. No man is a real success in life who cannot play his best on the two-yard line; for the crises of life are the real tests of one's ability.

Any car will show up well on a level, paved road. The real test of a car is hill climbing.

The most brilliant man in the world makes a poor employee if he is undependable. The average

boss will pass up the disloyal genius for the loyal plodder of moderate ability.

The trouble with so many folk is their habit of putting all their merchandise in the show window, keeping back nothing to fill up their shelves in the event that they should attract a customer.

A wise old man, after hearing a visiting minister preach a trial sermon, said, "Well, it's a mighty poor stick that doesn't have one good sermon."

The test of a preacher is his third or fourth year in a pulpit. The test of a public official is his second term. The test of any business is the number of its repeat customers.

Advertising will get the people to trade with you. Meritorious merchandise and courteous salesmanship are necessary if you keep them coming back.

A lot of culture is pretty thin veneer. This is why marriages so often fail. The lovers have not taken time to know each other. The revelations of imperfections that are sure to come after the marriage ceremony are disconcerting. It takes a wonderful love to triumph over the undisguised actuality of a breakfast table.

A young lad quit school at the end of his sophomore year. He had an offer of a position that promised good money—too good, in fact. For a while it looked as if he had been wise and his parents foolish. He was earning plenty of spending money, getting an occasional promotion and doing well. After a few years he began to slow up.

Other lads who stayed in school passed him on the road. He had been stalled in his present job now for three years, and no help in sight.

He started out well enough, but he ran out of gas. His preparation was inadequate, and he has gone as far as his training can carry him. He must be content from now on watching fellows who stayed in school pass him on the road to successful achievement.

The world needs *constancy* more than brilliancy. We all appreciate the friend who " wears well," the car that stands up to the road, the suit that holds its shape, the smile that won't come off, the song that will not die, the picture we cannot forget.

There's a lot of difference between a song of the heart and one written for a royalty. That's why so few popular songs ever live. They have a catchy tune, but they soon run " out of the gas "— of true sentiment.

I am beginning to inspect *gas tanks.*

If I am going to invest my money in a proposition I want to know whether it has enough gas to get it past the second or third dividend period. If I am going to invest my life in a business I want to know whether it is going to be a thing in which I can take a pride when I am an old man. If I am going to spend my affections on causes, I want to know whether they have enough gas to get them as far as the second generation.

Fads, fashions, fancies, whims, popular styles—

these things have lots of followers, but they seem to run out of gas too early.

I guess that's why I am a little slow to take up with new political theories. I have seen so many beautiful ones stalled alongside the road of history. They were all perfectly logical, but they lacked gas. I do not believe our American government is perfect, but I am not ready to change it for another until someone can show me a people who have lived for a hundred and fifty years in greater peace, prosperity and progress than we have enjoyed.

Perhaps that is why I am an orthodox Christian. I have read a lot of new religious doctrines. Some of them are so beautiful and attractive that it seems that they cannot possibly fail. But I am waiting for some man to live a better life than that lived by Jesus of Nazareth. The world has seen a lot of religions run "out of the gas" of Godly spirit—when they get on heavy roads.

I found myself stalled alongside the road, one time, out of gas. I knew I had started with a full tank, but investigation disclosed the fact that it had sprung a leak. My power had all gone without me knowing it.

We all know men who cannot understand why they do not get along. They cannot see that certain expensive habits are robbing them of their power.

It is hard to prove to youth that late hours and careless spending rob him of his power. You will

have a hard time proving to a middle-aged success that there is danger ahead of him. He has always succeeded and he can see no way in which he can fail. But gas tanks do go empty unless they are watched.

Jesus of Nazareth once said, " Which one of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost? "

Some of us are planning to achieve a great success—*tomorrow*. Are we sure we have enough gas? Wouldn't it be a good plan to stop at the first library, or night school, and fill up?

Some people get along very well without religion during their days of prosperity. But dark days will come, sooner or later. You will sit beside a little bed wherein lies your baby, sick unto death. Or, you may stand beside the open grave of a loved one whose going is breaking your heart.

Do you have the moral courage and religious faith to hold steady in the face of tragedy and disaster?

Suppose your business should fail, your children prove ungrateful, your friends untrue, your strength insufficient!

Do you have enough moral and spiritual power to carry you through these valleys of the shadows of death?

So many of us lead a spiritual hand-to-mouth existence with just enough moral courage for the average day. An emergency finds us bankrupt.

Watch your *gas!*

XIV

RUBBER DISPOSITIONS

IN the granite works in St. Cloud, Minnesota, where big monuments are made for little men, I learned a lesson on how to take hard knocks.

For many years the engravings and ornaments on tombstones were cut by the slow process of hand chiseling. Weeks would sometimes be spent in cutting an elaborate design on a piece of brilliantly polished granite.

But that work is now done by sand and compressed air!

The surface of the smoothly finished granite is covered over with a coat of a mixture composed largely of rubber. This coating, about one-eighth of an inch thick, is allowed to dry, and the design which is to appear on the stone is cut out of the rubber, leaving the bare surface of the stone exposed.

The " stone cutter " then turns a stream of sand onto the exposed surface. Every tiny grain of sand is driven with terrific force by compressed air and the hard stone is cut away as though it were putty. *But the rubber is undisturbed.*

The hard granite resists the blows of the tiny sand bullets and is rapidly worn away. The soft

surface of the rubber bends and gives under the sand bombardment and shows no after-effect. When the " cutting " is complete, the rubber coating is removed and the design is found to be etched in the granite in even more beautiful fashion than hand work could make possible.

That stream of sand can be directed at the rubber for half an hour and one can scarcely detect the spot that has been bombarded. If the same stream of sand were directed against the stone it would bore a hole nearly two inches deep in the solid rock.

The rubber protects itself by *giving in.* The stone is cut away by its own resistance.

I wish more people had a little more *rubber* in their *dispositions.*

There are men who are always looking for slights, fights, insults and troubles. Their feelings are always being trampled upon. Their dignity is always being offended. Their sensibilities are usually in a highly inflamed state, due to friction.

Such people always have more trouble than anyone else. They turn a hard face toward the world and the public batters and hammers at them cruelly. They often wonder why they are subjected to such grief and hardship, and blame the world bitterly for their misfortunes.

The trouble is they have *too much granite* and *not enough rubber* in their *dispositions.*

Big department stores have adopted the motto: " The customer is always right." That saves them

a lot of trouble, gives them a lot of trade and a lot of good will. They are simply putting the rubber side out—saving themselves from hammering.

It is much easier to take a knock than to lose a position. It is better to stand a little abuse than to stand in that long line outside a free employment agency.

It is much more profitable to suffer an injustice than to lose one's head and temper, tell someone where to "head in," and then be headed out.

The world is an accommodating place. If we go about looking for insults the public furnishes them without charge. If we hunt for trouble it turns up everywhere. If we insist upon having heartaches, every day will bring a fresh supply.

A little more rubber in our dispositions would save us a lot of friendships, an occasional customer, uncounted worries and a good deal of "soreness."

"A little forgotten,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured."

A little rubber in our national disposition would save us a lot of war talk; most of this racial hatred; a considerable sum in taxation, and much in national honour.

Over the main street of a Missouri town a Catholic priest caused a big banner to be hung upon which appeared these words:

"GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR NEIGHBOUR. YOU MAY LIKE HIM."

The average man likes the man he knows. He cannot hate the man he really knows. If warring nations, churches, sects, factions, classes and industrial groups would only take the trouble *to get acquainted* with the *other side* in the controversy, it would save a lot of bloodshed and moral wastage.

If the angry man would take five minutes to get the facts, wait long enough to give his friend a chance to apologize before "starting something," give the benefit of the doubt, assume innocence until guilt is proven, stay on the job until the boss has a chance to look into the matter, he would save himself a lot of wasted energy and happiness.

It is better to stand for some wrongs than to fall for every chance to start trouble.

Consider the number of jolts and jars that are saved every day by *rubber.*

Rubber tires speed us on our way over rough roads in splendid comfort. Rubber heels take out the strain and jar of the hardest pavement. Rubber doormats, rubber snubbers, rubber cushions—all of them designed to ease down the jolts.

Why not *more rubber in our dispositions?* A little more patience, a little less irritability; a bit of laughter, the assumption of part of the blame; a development of the art of "overlooking"—all of this is rubber in the disposition.

XV

BREADCASTING

EVERY new invention brings in a new vocabulary. The radio has taught even our children to speak glibly of static, microphones, vacuum tubes, high-frequency, wavelengths, etc.

Broadcasting is a term understood by everyone. But there is another term, just as interesting and less understood—breadcasting—the meaning of which the world must learn.

It is dangerous to judge by appearances. Some of the commonest experiences of life are illogical. Burying the seed in the soil seems to be wasting it. Stinginess seems to be the best way to wealth. Dishonesty frequently looks like the easiest way out. Keeping all you get does not make you rich—it makes you poor.

"Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return unto you." That advice sounds ridiculous, but, as a matter of fact, it is one of the best authenticated principles of life.

I am a firm believer in the science of "breadcasting." To have friends we must be friendly. Every man we meet is, potentially, a friend or an

enemy. It depends, not upon him, but upon us. Extend the open hand and he will be a friend. Extend the closed fist and he becomes an enemy. All of our friends are " hand-made."

We make the world we live in. God only supplies us with the raw material which we call " environment." If we want to live in a world of sunshine we must carry the sunshine in our own heart, let it shine out through our own eyes and every face we meet will reflect it back to us.

If another man is living in a happier world than the one you live in you gain nothing by envying. Find out how he makes his world happy.

Two Hebrews were watching the morning sun dash against a granite cliff, making it appear like a mountain of gold. " Ach! " said Cohen, " I vish it vas a mountain of goldt, undt it vas all mine."

" If it vas a mountain of goldt, vould you gif me some? " queried Morris, ingratiatingly.

" Umph! " said Cohen, with a shrug of his shoulders, " Go vish yourself a mountain."

If someone lives in a world of beauty, friendships, and contentment, it is foolish to envy him his good fortune. Go, make that kind of world for yourself.

It is not the amount of money a man has that makes him rich or poor. It is the attitude he takes toward his money.

How foolish to spend one's life for money and not know how to spend the money! It is silly for

men to waste money on food they cannot relish; on extravagant and silly entertainment; on vainglorious display and vulgar ostentation, but it is just as silly for any man to grow sullen and envious because he cannot have money to waste in the same way.

I believe in thrift. No young man can be recommended to a girl if he does not have the saving habit. No man is going to make a good husband who has not begun to lay some plans for a home of his own, a savings account, and a reasonable support for the girl he asks to share his life.

But intelligent thrift also requires some spending —some investment in one's self. A certain young man in our town believes in himself so thoroughly that he is taking four years of time and investing them in himself. He is living on a starvation sum, wearing threadbare clothes, foregoing entertainments and amusements and working seventeen hours a day. He believes he has sufficient ability and latent talent to justify the investment. He is breadcasting.

Every year that a youth spends in training his talents, enriching his mind, enlarging his vision, undergirding his character and disciplining his soul will be bread cast upon the waters to return to him years later in the form of honour, public confidence, increased earning power, self-mastery, enlarged opportunity and self-respect.

The building of schools is the best investment

that any community makes, for an educated citizenship is a wealth-producing citizenship. Let us, therefore, first build those institutions that build citizens. Intelligent youth, fired with vision and trained to work, will build businesses that will make us all rich.

Community investments in churches, schools, libraries, chautauquas, art galleries and orchestras are the best the people make. These things create a civic morale that has a dollar-and-cents value far above any money they ever cost. The man who lives in a community that is making such investments without participating is accepting public charity.

The principle of breadcasting has worked well in private life. The greatest souls—those who have the strongest hold on the affections of the people—are those who have given themselves most liberally.

Louis Pasteur gave himself as a living sacrifice on the altar of human health, and today his name is revered wherever well men meet together.

Florence Nightingale turned her back on fortune, ease, aristocracy and applause and went out to the Crimea to bind up the wounds and salvage the ghastly fruitage of war. Her name is spoken with awe and in reverence wherever plague, famine, war or disaster stalk among suffering humanity.

Clara Barton might have been a society favourite and, dying, had a rich woman's funeral. In-

stead, she forgot her personal fortune, became a servant of the suffering, and the Red Cross immortalizes her, today, as "the greatest mother of them all."

Abraham Lincoln could have been a rich corporation lawyer with a mahogany desk, railroad passes and a peaceful life with a timely death. But he gave his life for the nation, and the people have canonized him.

Dr. Grenfell lost his life among the fisherfolk of Labrador, and he found it again on the tongue of every man and woman in the English-speaking world.

Jane Addams buried herself on Halstead Street and then discovered, years afterward, that she was living on one of the world's highways, with visitors coming from every corner of the world to ask her advice on the business of redeeming neighbourhoods.

In our town the men and the women who have the most of those things that make life—friends, public esteem, self-respect, happy homes, vision and the joy of labour—are the ones who have practiced most consistently the art of breadcasting.

It is true that they do not always own the finest motor cars, the most elaborate houses, the richest furs and the largest diamonds. But they do own the landscapes, the sunsets, the gratitude of the people and the approval of their own consciences. Breadcasting has given them a drawing account

on the " Bank of Satisfaction " that will never be overdrawn.

The principle has worked well in international affairs.

The Boxer uprising resulted in an assessment of an enormous indemnity against the Chinese people by the various governments that went into the celestial empire to restore order. The United States, under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, restored all her share of the indemnity in excess of the cost of the expedition, and China has been sending her young men to America for an education, the expenses being paid out of the interest from the refunded indemnity.

Breadcasting is a better international policy than militarism. Germany overran Belgium and subdued her people with her gray regiments. America conquered Belgium with the breadcasting principle when she sent Herbert Hoover across with food and a ship load of toys.

Today, in Russian orphanages, Japanese homes, Chinese huts, Austrian cities, Armenian villages, German hospitals and Balkan towns there are those who are alive and well because America gave her bread to the hungry when they had no money to pay.

Can children who have been saved by our breadcasting ever drive their people into war with us when they have grown up and become prime ministers, legislators, diplomats and foreign secretaries?

The practical man says that breadcasting is not logical. The politician says it will not work. The industrialist says that money talks. But among the ranks of humble men, where life runs clean and unspoiled, it is a well known fact that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We have tried everything else — let's try breadcasting.

XVI

ENJOYING POOR HEALTH

PAIN is one of the commonest facts of life. Look at the faces of the people you meet. Everywhere you see marks of pain, deep lines, hollow eyes, strained muscles, whitened hair.

Health is the finest wealth, and few there be who find it. Pain provides a living for an army of health experts, breakfast-food manufacturers, medical advisors, pill publicists and mineral water vendors, to say nothing of the nurses, proprietors of sanatariums, doctors, ambulance drivers, X-ray experts, drug clerks and dieticians who offer some slight relief to a suffering humanity.

But I have found a good many people who actually *enjoy* "poor health." Nothing is ever quite so entertaining to them as the minute and intimate description of their ailments and symptoms. Ninety-five per cent. of their conversation revolves about the subject of their stomach, liver or nerves. A visit with one of these self-glorified sufferers is a veritable "organ recital."

But pain has its compensations, as well as its tortures. Some of the world's greatest geniuses have lived on close terms with pain and developed

their marvelous talents in an atmosphere of suffering. In fact, they have demonstrated the fact that it is possible to enjoy poor health.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the idolized daughter of a well-to-do Englishman, suffered a serious break-down at the age of thirteen, and from that day on was a constant sufferer. Years of her life were spent inside a darkened room where no guests were ever present, and only the doctor, her father and nurse admitted. Inside that curtained sick-room, where even the sun was not permitted to shine, this marvelous woman wrote the poems that won for her the name of being "the Shakespeare of English women."

At the age of six weeks, Fanny Crosby became blind through the blundering treatment of an ignorant country doctor. From behind that wall of darkness, however, there poured forth a stream of song that has lightened the hearts of millions around the world. This brave little blind woman who, through many long years of her life, was confined to her room by invalidism and blindness, wrote more than eight thousand hymns and spiritual songs. How much poorer our old world would be without Fanny Crosby's songs!

William Edward Henley, a young Englishman, was confined in an Edinburgh hospital facing the possibility of an operation that would cost him his *other* leg, one having been amputated a few years before because of tuberculosis of the

bone. He was a stranger in Edinburgh with no friends to visit him, and no loved one to stop beside his bed to bid him good cheer. But, as he lay there, penniless, friendless, helpless, crippled, suffering, he wrote a poem that will never die—"Invictus."

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my sōul."

Thousands of discouraged and sick folk since then have sung that song with new courage in their hearts.

William Pitt, the younger, was a sickly child whose life was despaired of. He grew up as a little invalid unable to attend school with other children. A private tutor came to his room twice a week to help him with his studies, and this was the man who became Britain's greatest orator and, some say, the greatest Englishman who ever lived.

Napoleon Bonaparte was an epileptic, yet, in spite of his malady, he became the greatest military genius of all time and almost the ruler of the world.

Julius Cæsar, in spite of epilepsy, extended the boundaries of the Roman Empire to the extreme edges of Europe and became the undisputed master of the civilized world in which he lived.

Mohammed, another epileptic, so fired his followers with his own indomitable zeal that they

overran the world, set up a new religion and took possession of the richest and oldest civilizations on the planet.

Peter the Great and Lord Byron, (not to mention that long list of notables who have succeeded magnificently in spite of epilepsy) became conquerors by the power of their spirit in spite of the terrible spectre of this dreadful malady which always hovered close about them.

Theodore Roosevelt suffered from asthma as a child and was never strong enough to attend a public school. His eyes were so weak that he could not read for more than a few minutes at a time. His closest friends declare that he would go for months at a time never free from headache until he was well advanced in his twenties. He laid the foundations for his greatness in days of the most discouraging ill health.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a victim of tuberculosis and wrote many of his sweetest child rhymes propped up in bed with pillows all about him. His greatest literary work was completed while confined to his bed. One never suspects, as he reads the fascinating pages of "Treasure Island," what exquisite agony was paid for their creation.

To list the hunchbacks of history would only be multiplying instances of those who conquered in spite of pain. Pope, Steinmetz and, probably, the Apostle Paul, are enough to prove the case.

Elbert Hubbard once printed on the front cover of his magazine, " Remember that no one else can feel your belly-ache."

He might have added, too, that you won't feel it as much if you will talk about *something else.*

Pain can make the sufferer miserable or magnificent. It all depends on whether he determines to rise above it or consents to surrender to it. God does not send pain for the purpose of punishing us, but the hours of anguish may become a splendid discipline under which we can learn patience, courage, faith, and consideration of others.

If three months of illness result in kind words taking the place of sarcasm, of patience supplanting irritability, of generosity displacing selfishness, and courage putting fear to flight—then the fruits of illness are worth all the costs.

Men will sometimes labour a lifetime in prosperity and ease without attaining that same refinement of soul and sweetness of spirit that comes through one siege of sickness. Four weeks in bed sometimes means more moral and spiritual progress than forty years of successful good health.

Remember that the door of your sick room opens on two worlds—the world of patience and unselfishness or the world of self-pity and spiritual suicide.

It is possible to make *poor health* a *spiritual opportunity.*

Life depends largely upon—*the liver!*

XVII

THE REAL MEANING OF "GOOD-BYE"

NO book in my library is more frequently mistaken than the dictionary.

Did you ever ask the opinion of the dictionary on the meaning of some word which is well known and understood by everyone? Did you ever notice how it stumbles and flounders?

For instance, just to prove my case, look up Mr. Webster's idea of love and you will find him solemnly declaring that love is "a strong, complex emotion or feeling, inspired by something, as a person or a quality, causing one to appreciate or delight in, and crave the possession or presence of that object."

Can you imagine yourself telling some lovelorn youth that that definition is what is the matter with him? Would you ever try to quote that tongue-twisting sentence to a mother with a babe at her breast?

Or, take another—the definition of "mother"—"a female parent of children." That definition will never account for Whistler's great painting of mother or John McCormack's singing of "Mother Machree."

But we must be fair, so we will give Mr. Webster another chance. We will ask him to tell us what trouble is. Now, we all know what trouble is. The richest and the poorest, the humblest and the highest—we all know the meaning of trouble. The cottage and the palace give it room. The hearse rolls down the boulevard as regularly as it does down the alley.

But Mr. Webster says "trouble is a circumstance or thing which occasions difficulty or perplexity." Why! I don't believe that this man ever had trouble! That definition sounds like a pink tea or a Sunday-school picnic.

Most of us use words without thinking of their meaning. We say things we do not mean, not because we are liars, but because we don't understand words.

I have wondered, sometimes, what some men would do if God should take them seriously in the midst of their profanity and do the things they profanely ask Him to do. No man needs curses to make his argument strong if he has the facts on his side. It is the man whose case is weak who tries to bolster it up with swearing.

But there's that common little word "good-bye." Look it up and you will find a contraction of an old English expression—"God be with ye."

"*Good-bye*" is a wish.

We cannot wish a man anything better than the company of God.

As that wedding couple left my study, yesterday afternoon, I wished them a sincere "Good-bye." That meant "God be with ye."

If I could make that wish come true I could do nothing more to insure a happy and an enduring home. The company of God will mean more happiness to any young couple than beautiful furnishings for their house or a large income for life.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" queried the Teacher of Nazareth. "I am not so much interested in having God on my side as being sure that I am on God's side," said Abraham Lincoln. Each knew that there could be no lasting happiness that does not come from rightness.

"Good-bye" is a wish from your friend to you that the Almighty may be your companion, your guard, your guide, your counsellor. If that wish comes true (and you can help it to do so), it means that your pathway will lead away from trouble and into peace.

"Good-bye" is a blessing.

The moment of parting from some people is an occasion for rejoicing. It is no hardship for me to bid farewell to the scold with his sharp tongue, nor to the cynic with his bilious judgment, nor to the gossip with his carrion conversation, nor to the critic with his censoriousness, nor to the complainer with his inexhaustible supply of unaired worry.

But parting, between friends, is a sacrament. I

have said "good-bye" to my people after serving them as pastor, and I know with what fervency I have prayed "God be with ye."

My mother bade me "good-bye" when I started away to college, and into that word she poured all of a mother's solicitude and affectionate warning.

Have you ever said "good-bye" to some great soul after a visit in which you had caught a glimpse of your own better self as it was mirrored in his own great personality? As he takes your hand in his and smiles his blessing upon you, his "good-bye" remains with you like a benediction.

"Good-bye" is a sob.

I was in the court-room, one day, when a mother said "good-bye" to her boy, who was being taken off to prison. She struggled like a Spartan to keep back the tears. As she held her boy to her arms for that last woeful, tender, forgiving moment I heard her say "good-bye." Into that word was emptied the disappointment, heartache, love and constancy of her mother's soul.

She was devoutly praying God to be with her boy.

I watched the old teacher bidding his class farewell. For long years they had worked together. Now the day of graduation had come and they were leaving with their education and their sheepskins.

As that old teacher gave out the diplomas and

wished each one of his boys and girls fortune and happiness, there was a great tear in his eye and his lip quivered piteously as he said "good-bye." He knew the weakness of every one. He knew the point at which they stood in greatest danger. He knew their capabilities and their difficulties. Therefore he said, with deep sincerity and rare fervency, "Good-bye"—"God be with ye."

"Good-bye" is a prayer.

That's the reason the old business man puts so much meaning into it when he starts his son off to take charge of the new office.

He knows that the youth will be tempted to sell his honour for profits and must defend his convictions against ridicule. He knows that he will be under the necessity of choosing between the good and the best. He knows that his loyalty to his friends will often be pitted against his loyalty to his ideals.

God help the man whose soul is the scene of a contest between two loyalties equally dear and equally insistent.

"Good-bye" is a prayer as the commander on the field sends his troops forward into the field of action where danger is most pressing.

"Good-bye" is an expression of our best; a surge of the soul; the sweetest word that can pass from one friend to another:

"GOOD-BYE!"

XVIII

THE EARLY WORM

MY mother used to say, "The early bird catches the worm."

I knew what she meant, and everybody else knows what she meant. But I have grown up since then and come to realize that there are two parties to that proverb. I have developed a sympathy for the early worm that the early bird catches.

The bankers have misled a lot of people. They urge us to save our money and promise us that we are sure to be comfortable in our old age if we do so.

"*Save and Have*" has been their motto.

But the poor-houses are full of people who have saved but do not have. They saved, and had, and then invested in *blue sky* and *lost*.

A man came into my office, not long ago, and sat down in one of my easy chairs with such familiarity that he almost persuaded me that he was an old friend. He was so friendly that I began to believe that I remembered him. Before long I was ashamed to admit to him that I could not recognize him.

After a few minutes he drew his chair up alongside of mine and put his arm about me in the most *touching* way. "*Touching*" was right.

"My boy," said he, "there is some mighty good money in oil stock just now."

Ten minutes after that there was some good money in oil stock.

It was mine. I put it there. If anyone ever tells you there is no good money in oil stock you can tell them they are mistaken, for you know of a Methodist preacher who put some good money into oil stock, and it stayed.

That man promised me thirty per cent. I found out, in a few months, it was thirty *perhaps*.

He gave me a little green certificate. It was my diploma from the "University of Hard Knocks"—my *finishing* school. I am going to frame that piece of paper so that the rest of my "sure thing" friends who offer me a ground floor chance in something that cannot fail will know that I am a graduate of their course of instruction in "How to lose money."

But that oil stock investment was one of the best I ever made. It taught me that you can't overwork a dollar, any more than you can overwork a man. If you ask an honest dollar to bring home more than about eight cents, it is liable to get discouraged and never come back.

It is a wise thing to remember that if a thing were as good as the promoter makes it sound, it

would need no promoter, and that you and I, with our little rolls, would never get a chance at it.

Some men have played the rôle of early worm for years. I have known some of them who borrowed money to lose.

The people of the United States lost more than a billion dollars, last year, in worthless stock. An Oklahoma newspaper has figured out that five hundred and fifty-five dollars has been lost in worthless stock for every dollar's worth of oil that has ever been pumped out of that state.

The honest stock, like an honest man, is never afraid of an investigation. Beware of the deal that must be closed up before the banks close or the train goes. I have come to be very suspicious of the salesman who is in a hurry. He seems too anxious to get on to the *next early worm.*

Your banker is your best friend in the matter of financial investments. He may not confirm your judgments, but he will safeguard your savings if you give him a chance. Investigate before you invest.

If he refuses to loan you money to lose on some "safe" proposition, just remember that he is not questioning *your* honesty. He probably has perfect confidence in your honesty, but he has no confidence in the good character of your proposed investment. He is just trying to make it harder for you to be an early worm.

Life is pretty largely a matter of investments.

Each day contains about fifteen waking hours that can be invested. So many of us put our time into worthless enterprises.

If I lose a dollar I may be able to earn another, but if I lose a day it is gone forever. If I waste a talent it is forever lost. Days and talents deserve more careful handling than dollars, and usually get less.

François Millet painted a picture which he called " The Angelus." Two peasants stand in the foreground with hands folded and heads bowed in prayer. It is evening, and from the distant village one fancies he can almost hear the church bells sounding their call to prayer. It is a great picture of the soul of the common folk.

Some have said that it was only a picture of blind obedience to form and utterly devoid of anything sacred or holy. But I cannot believe that. To me it is the secret of a life safely invested.

Suppose " The Angelus " should ring at the close of your day's work. Could you bow your head and ask God's blessing upon the day's efforts? Would it make any difference in your day's work if you knew you would have to ask God's blessing upon it at the close of the day?

Take this day's work, for instance!

Would we do our work any differently if we knew it had to pass inspection before the eye of God? Would we neglect any detail because we thought no one was watching? Would we dilute

our high purposes and holy ambitions with selfishness and mere greed if we had to hold it all up to the gaze of the Heavenly Father at the close of the day?

A lot of foolishness asks for a share of our time. It is a wise thing to watch our investments or we shall spend all of our time and come down to old age with no great ideas to keep us company in the long evenings of life when we have dropped out of the active race.

The way of the early worm is hard.

XIX

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT"

IT costs the public a lot of money to protect fools from their own folly.

The statute books are full of laws which undertake to make it harder for the fool to exercise his constitutional right to be foolish.

Modern inventions and progress complicate the problem. Speed, power, daring and unfeeling metal put every man on the road at the mercy of any fool behind a wheel.

That sign, "KEEP TO THE RIGHT," which one sees along the road, is a friend of the fool, even though it may be an infringement on his personal liberty. It is an effort to protect him against his own recklessness. But the best system of road marking in the world will not save the man who disregards all warnings.

Most of the world's troubles might be saved if men would take this sign seriously—"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

The Monday morning police courts are full of boys and girls, hiding their faces in shame and weeping bitterly. Some of them "took a chance" and went in the ditch. They loved speed and were

out for thrills. But they are getting a new sensation in that squalid courtroom, surrounded by newspaper reporters, curious bystanders and police officers, which they did not expect and which they do not enjoy. Parents are humiliated, friends are shamed, reputations are damaged and futures are imperiled. It would have saved a lot of trouble if they had "kept to the right."

The divorce courts are littered with the wreckage of homes that did not need to go on the rocks and would never have done so except for the fact that the home-makers couldn't see any reason for keeping too close to the right.

We have been discarding our conventions and restraints pretty fast of late years. Some of them needed to be discarded. But there is one rule that can never be disregarded without inviting disaster, and that is our road sign—"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

It is a rule of life. Upon it the future is built. Without it all our frantic endeavours to progress are a mere mockery.

The world is full of "almost" people—those who are almost honest, almost generous, almost Christian, almost moral.

Most of our trouble originates in these moral suburbs—in that twilight zone where right is almost wrong and wrong looks almost right. The big corporation employs a high-priced lawyer to help it evade the law without breaking it. Nastiness and nakedness make a fine pretense of moral-

ity when attacked and wrap the label of "art" about their indecencies as a protection against an outraged public opinion.

A prominent aspirant for the presidency allowed himself to become attached to a certain corporation. There is nothing in the records to show that he ever did wrong in the discharge of his duties as a corporation counsel, but suddenly, in the midst of the convention, someone yelled "OIL," and his boom collapsed like a toy balloon.

A business firm had spent thousands of dollars in building up a good name for a certain product. One day, in the mad scramble for extra profits, the quality of the merchandise was lowered, ever so little, but the public caught on. That business was wrecked inside of a year.

A college student who had come within reach of the coveted honours could not understand why they slipped so suddenly out of his grasp without any apparent reason. But a betrayal of honour during his Sophomore year had exacted its toll with grim relentlessness.

A wise old man once said, "It is always a good plan to take that side of the question upon which there is no doubt." That was another way of saying, "KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

We frequently hear some youth saying, "I despise conventions." By this he means that he resents all interference with his personal conduct. But conventions are not unfriendly. The laws

which society lays down for our conduct are always for the purpose of keeping us out of trouble. They are the judgment of experience, not the whims of youthful caprice or malicious melancholy.

You cannot have safety on the road without rules. You cannot have liberty in any community without some laws. Each person must make some sacrifice for the sake of the common good, but this sacrifice accumulates additional benefits and comes back to us in the form of larger good which the community confers upon us.

The only reason why the people of any community enjoy any liberty is because they have all agreed to sacrifice some personal liberties.

A good many people have tried rebelling against social conventions, but they seem to have more than their share of heartaches as their reward. One can fly in the face of public opinion for a time, but the price of passage is excessive and the gain is worthless. The girl who defies common standards of modesty and morals compels all her friends and loved ones to help pay the price of her defiance. The experience of the most of such is that happiness and prosperity is to be found in its largest measure by keeping to the right.

There are some folk who laugh at the Ten Commandments, but these venerable standards seem to survive while the scoffers struggle along, eventually conforming or going under.

The left side of the road sometimes looks the

smoothest, but those who travel that way tell us that it is actually rougher. The jolts of conscience, self-reproach and remorse never make any road smooth. In fact, the easiest way has always been the right way. No matter how hard the right way may be, the wrong way is a little harder.

I have never known a dishonest man who was permanently happy. I have seen the thief spend his money, but it never seems to buy him joy. I have known the crook to be elected to office, but his name never lasts. No man gains immortality through knavery and no man has ever been permanently happy who was wrong at heart.

The only smooth thing about the left side of the road is the promise that it makes.

As a minister, I spend a lot of time clearing up the wreckage along the left side of the road of life. I put in the most of my time every week helping foolish, befuddled, misguided or weak people back to the right side of the road.

And the strange thing is that I find they usually know which is the right side, but they lost their self-control or something went wrong with their steering gear.

The safest place to drive, and the safest place to live, is on the right side of life—out of the danger zone.

You can fool your friends. You can even fool yourself. But you can't fool God.

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

XX

WASTE-BASKET VIRTUES

I WAS working at my desk, a few days ago, with a litter of papers all about. The confusion finally shamed me, and I decided to clean off the desk—a daring thing to contemplate. For the next ten minutes I discarded papers, envelopes and other débris with a high hand. The waste-basket was gorged with the results.

Twenty minutes later I was badly in need of some important notations which were nowhere to be found. At last I remembered that the scrap of paper upon which my notes had been made had gone into the waste-basket, and I had to go back through the mess of litter to find it.

I finally found the notes and I learned a lesson!

It is pretty easy to throw away valuables, but it takes time and patience to recover them, and sometimes the recovery is an expensive bit of experience.

As I thread the busy city streets of America I have the feeling that some things essential, vital and beautiful have been disappearing out of American life. I am wondering if it would not be an excellent plan to dig down into our social waste-

basket and recover some of these virtues we have been discarding with such easy abandon.

There has been a tragic breakdown of the moral authority of the old-fashioned home. With the coming of the flat-building, the apartment-house, the moving-picture theatre, the automobile and the general war disturbance we have junked the old-time, family discipline.

Perhaps it is true, as someone ironically remarked: " Family authority has not disappeared in America—it has only changed hands."

But there can be no moral regeneration for America until there is a revival of family authority. If the child does not learn respect for the law of the home he will never have any respect for the law of the land, and respect for law is the foundation of government.

The lawbreaker is made inside the sacred walls of the home. He displays his disposition in his conflict with the police and the authorities. A boy who will defy his father will defy the sheriff. A girl who learns to hold her mother in contempt will hold all the rest of us in contempt if we undertake to interfere with her good times.

A youth of seventeen recently asked me, " When will they treat me like a man? "

" Whenever you begin to display a man's judgment," was about all the encouragement I could offer him. This he had never learned to do.

In the sacred name of liberty we have allowed

impressionable and inexperienced youth to run their wild, free course without restraint or guidance. That they sometimes go wrong is not surprising. That they go straight so often is the miracle. No generation of exuberant, virile, healthy young people was ever before exposed to such bewildering temptations.

The parents of this generation did not go to the excesses that their children do because they never had the opportunity. They were virtuous because, lacking the temptations, they were not despoiled of virtue. The present generation of youth is as capable of high and holy thinking as any that has preceded it, but it must make the greatest fight for its virtue and its nobility that any generation ever made, for terrible odds are against them.

Censorship is not the solution of the problem. There is only one. Youth must be trained to hold the low and base in high contempt. This task calls for all the genius and loving discipline that the home and the church and the school can provide.

Our backs are to the wall. We must unite these three great character building forces as allies in defense of our children.

We are shipping green fruit to market. The California fruit growers pick their fruit before it is ripe, allowing it to mature in transit. There is something lacking in the fruit when it reaches our tables, because it has not been allowed to ripen on the tree.

We are stealing the childhood away from our children by making young men and young women out of them several years too early. The little girl of fourteen will be a woman long enough. Why can't we keep her a little girl a few years longer, allowing her to come to the full powers of womanhood in a wholesome and normal fashion instead of outfitting her with rouge, lip stick, vanity case and erotic sex literature and sending her to fashionable and expensive down-town hotels to play bridge or out on the bathing beach to flirt with men twice her age?

There are no days more beautiful and wonderful than those through which we live before we seriously attempt our life's work. Why should we allow an artificial social scheme to rob our children of their childhood? It is a tawdry substitute we are giving them, and when they arrive at maturity of years something sweet and beautiful is lacking in their lives. The process of " forced ripening " is resulting in a tragic moral loss.

Has the spirit of reverence been dumped into the waste-basket?

We have tinkered with everything sacred in life during the last ten years. We have thumped impudently at the Constitution of the United States and declared that it was outworn and should be displaced with something new and modern—some beautiful piece of frenzy and fancy work. We have gone into the privacies of life and dragged

out the naked subject of sex and paraded it with utter shamelessness, until modesty has been all but discredited.

Of course, we need sex-education, but we are not getting it. We are getting nastiness. I am for the banishment of prudery, but we have been glorifying brazenness. I believe in calling a spade a spade, but "there are some spades that do not need to be discussed about the dinner table or by boys and girls in the privacy of their personal conversations."

We have lost the simple art of entertaining ourselves.

We must have a motor car to take us out into the country to enjoy nature, and then we race along at such a speed that we never see anything but the road ahead. We demand high-priced music with our meals to drown out our inane conversation. We move into a flat, rent out the parlor and ask our daughter to meet her young friends upon the street. We go to church by radio, get our opinions from the newspapers, our social standards from the movies, our topics of conversation from the comic strips, our education by correspondence methods, do our cooking at a delicatessen, and carry on our correspondence by means of telegrams.

In our mad rush to own beautiful things we have lost our love of the beautiful. We are the victims of an artificial system by which we cannot be

happy unless we are surrounded by a lot of mechanical aids.

We are filling our manual training departments at school with power machinery and training boys to operate drill presses, stamping machines and lathes who are unable to mend a kitchen chair when they get home. We are sending our children to school in automobiles and building gymnasiums at the end of the trip so that they may exercise.

The waste-basket seems to be pretty well filled. Fads have taken the place of convictions, the art of conversation and of letter writing have well nigh disappeared. We honour the man who "gets by" instead of the one who "makes good."

Frugality stands in little favour. Our problem is not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living. Our amusements are complex and expensive. The high school fraternity has become an extravagant luxury which trains youth to spend his money "for that which is not bread and his labour for that which satisfieth not." The social life of high schools and colleges is becoming increasingly expensive without becoming correspondingly helpful.

Nor is the sinning all on the part of youth. Clubs, golf courses, summer homes, entertainment and fancy foods have stolen away the old-time simplicity and recreative pleasures of our father's generation. We have been losing the power of

enjoying life without an accompaniment of expensive aides.

Preachers, teachers, editors and business men are telling us that we are in need of a revival of old-fashioned religion. Without a doubt that is true. We must cultivate a love of the good rather than of the good thing; of the beautiful rather than of the beautiful thing; of being rather than of seeming.

Look into your waste-baskets. You may find there some discarded virtues that are too valuable to lose.

XXI

THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

THERE was a time when the world burned heretics at the stake, cut off their flesh with oyster shells and put their eyes out with hot pokers or tore their tongues out by the roots.

The modern heretic suffers no such fate. His picture appears in the newspapers, he gets a lecture or vaudeville contract and his books sell by the tens of thousands, particularly if he is exploiting some new sex theory.

The older form of treatment had certain advantages, but it did not promote progress, for it seemed to discourage men from thinking new ideas. "Safety First" was synonymous with "Different Never."

The difficulty with the new method of treating heretics is that a lot of people get the notion they are *independent* thinkers when they are merely *different* thinkers.

As a little lad of three years of age I decided to become an independent thinker. I declared my absolute independence of my mother—a troublesome individual who was always interfering with my plans.

On a certain occasion she warned me that the beautiful red poker which had just been taken out of the fire was a dangerous plaything and would surely burn. But I was an independent thinker. I was a lover of beauty, and that shade of red invited special investigation. I was determined to examine it. My rights as an independent thinker entitled me to that privilege. *And I did.*

I was an independent thinker, but I reached a very orthodox conclusion on the subject of red-hot pokers.

A great many young people calmly assure us that they are independent thinkers. They have cast overboard the faith of their fathers and the beliefs of their mothers because they are "advanced" in their thinking.

It is an open question whether they are "advanced" or merely "sidetracked."

Mankind has tried a good many experiments in the course of the centuries, only a comparative few of which have proven successful. The social customs, governmental theories and religious ideas upon which our civilization rests have been compelled to stand a long period of investigation and testing. It is very seldom that a really new idea has been brought to light. Most of the new theories we hear advocated by these "advawnced thinkahs, doncher know," are merely experiments exhumed from the scrap heap that was left by earlier generations. They are dis-

cards, seconds, duds, empty hopes, false alarms, past tenses, relics, antiques or cast-offs which our great-great-great-grandfathers tried and found lacking.

Most of these resurrected fantasies are being put forward by "short-haired women or long-haired men," who are too ignorant of the past to know by what painful process of experimentation our present-day life has been brought to its fine fruitage.

I believe in independent thinking. I believe that I am an independent thinker myself. At any rate, I reserve the right to pass judgment on matters of life, politics and religion according to the facts at my disposal. I deny to any man the right to do my thinking for me.

I believe in "the divine right to think."

But it is also true that I think about a great many things exactly as millions of others think. *I do not have to be different to be independent.*

I am an independent thinker, but I also believe in God. This statement will be greeted with mild contempt by some and with scornful abuse by others. I shall be classified variously as narrow, fossilized, priest-ridden, tradition-blinded, dogma-dumb.

But I have arrived at my conclusions by perfectly independent and, to me, logical reasoning. I have decided that it is no more a sign of intellectual independence to get one's opinions from

Voltaire than to get them from David or Isaiah—or even Jesus of Nazareth.

If Voltaire can produce *facts* that are, demonstrably, facts, then I am bound to accept them. But David is dealing with facts which I am also bound to accept. Frank W. Gunsaulus once said, "Christianity will never go to pieces on a fact."

If God is the God I think He is, then He has known all the things that the scientific laboratory discovers and has known them long enough before we discovered them to make plenty of room for them in this universe over which He rules. No fact is ever a surprise to Him. No fact can be so stubborn, new, revolutionary or different that it ever has Him worried.

If God is not worried, then why should I be? I have but one task—to find the way in which God has used that fact or bit of truth, in the construction and government of this world we live in. If Voltaire, David, Rousseau, Luther, Renan, Calvin, Darwin, Bryan or Fosdick can help me—by means of logic, test tube, psycho-analysis or personal testimony—I am at liberty to use their help. I owe but one loyalty—to the truth. If any man has any truth, then I can lay claim to it, for I am an independent thinker.

He is a dependent thinker who accepts other men's thinking because it is theirs and not because it is straight and true thinking.

The average youth who calls himself an "inde-

pendent thinker" does not realize how completely he is enslaved to one method of research or one line of thinking.

I had been engaged to deliver a series of lectures before a crowd of medical students on the subject of religion, a number of years ago. At the close of one address a young man said to me, "I can prove to you that there is no God if you are able to think logically and scientifically." Of course, I was interested in this statement and asked him to go on with his proof.

"Is God everywhere?" he asked as an opening premise.

"That is my belief," I answered.

"Very well," said the young man, "we will take this two cubic feet of air, put it under a force pump, take out the oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and all the other elements, and what do we have left?"

"A perfect vacuum, of course."

"Correct! Did we ever take God out?"

"No."

"Then there was no God there, was there?" and his eyes snapped as he gleefully considered my logical predicament.

"I will answer your question by asking you one," I replied. This is a pretty safe rule in a good many instances when you are discussing religion with a "heretic." Unbelief has more embarrassing questions to answer than faith has.

The mistake lies in assuming that the Christian is the only one who has to answer questions.

"We will assume that you have ideas. We will put your body under the force pump and take out all the oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, phosphorus and other elements, and what do we have left?"

"A perfect vacuum," he admitted.

"Did we ever take an idea out?"

"No."

"Then you don't have any ideas, do you?" I concluded.

The trouble with the young man was that he was trying to find God with the wrong instruments.

I have never found a test-tube full of a mother's love, a chemist's retort full of patriotism or a microscopic slide of integrity or loyalty. Nor have I ever met anyone who has. Yet these things are among the most real facts of life. Upon them we depend for the highest and best expressions of life.

The chemical laboratory is helpless in dealing with spiritual facts, but that does not invalidate spiritual facts, nor does it invalidate spiritual truths. The real thinker admits that truth is so broad and so many-sided that no one method or instrument can discover its boundaries.

No man has escaped his difficulties by abandoning religion. Indeed, he has gotten into more difficulties. He must give us a more satisfactory reason for the origin and operation of the laws of

nature than the book of Genesis gives when it says, " In the beginning God."

If our religious beliefs had come down to us through the fools and court jesters of the world, then we might have reason for holding them in high suspicion, but this is not the case. The pygmies of the race have not given us our faith. It has come through such as Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Confucius, David, Isaiah, and the greatest Teacher of them all—Jesus of Nazareth.

Nor are the intellectual giants of our own time to be numbered with the forces of irreligion. Sir Oliver Lodge, J. Arthur Thompson, Presidents Angell and Eliot, John C. Merriam, Charles Evans Hughes, H. G. Wells,—these are names to be conjured with—all believers and, with the exception of Mr. Wells, churchmen.

Before we cast aside the old faith—the faith of our fathers—for something new, let us be sure that the new faith is not something that the fathers had cast aside as hopeless.

To be an independent thinker is every man's privilege and duty.

To be merely a " different " thinker is sometimes to be merely a rag-picker among the intellectual discards of a generation gone.

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